

# MUSIC LOVERS' PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW



FOUNDED 1926 BY AXEL B. JOHNSON

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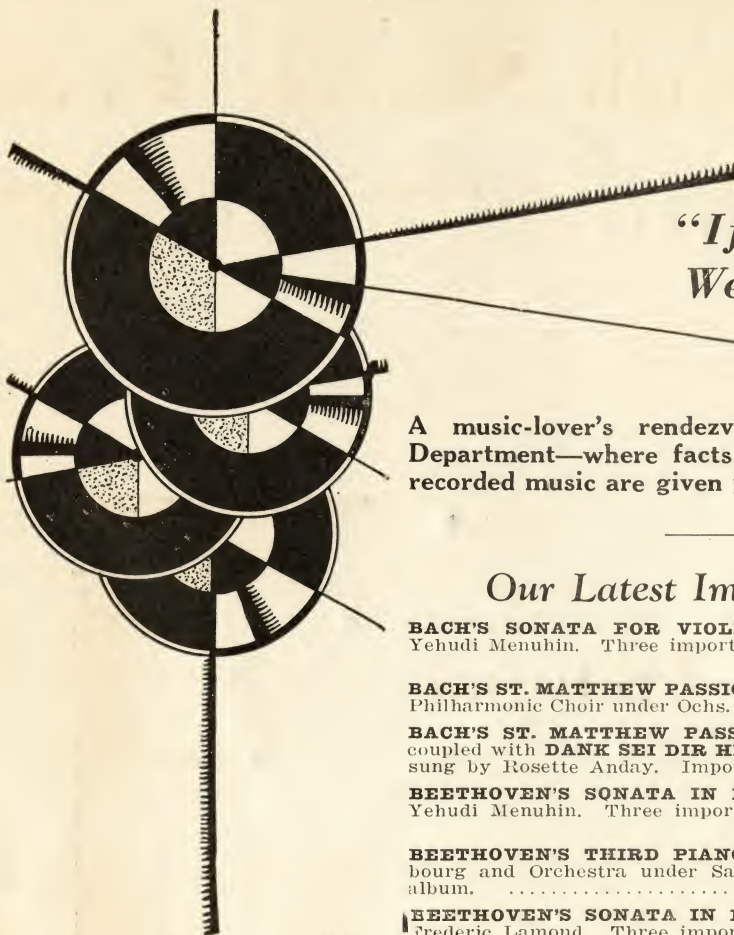
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*Edited by*

ROBERT DONALDSON DARRELL

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# The Phonograph Monthly Review

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## Editorial

Sibelius / new releases / larger aspects of phonography

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THE strange neglect of Jean Sibelius and his music has been to many of us the phonograph's major sin of omission. The depth of present day record buyers' perception does not stop short at the comparatively shallow level of the Valse Triste and Finlandia, yet one would judge it to do so if the various disc catalogues were taken for index. Sibelius is more than the greatest Finnish composer; he is indisputably to be ranked among the first half-dozen names of primary significance in contemporary music. And it is not a purely personal or isolated opinion that when time has sifted out the names we hold great today that of Sibelius will remain.

THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW was proud to take an emphatic stand for Sibelius' works on records in its very earliest issues, and while a conspicuous lack of success in obtaining tangible answers to the cry for recorded examples of his music has tended to discourage our campaign, our readers have consistently written in to spur our flagging efforts. So it is with peculiar pleasure that I pass on the information, gleaned from the pages of "The British Musician," that at last the phonograph is to pay its tardy tribute to Sibelius. The credit is not so much the industry's as it is that of the Finnish government which for years has courageously and staunchly fostered the art of its national genius. The cost of making records of some of his works (the advance notice refers to the "first

and second symphonies, etc.") is to be divided between the Finnish government and the English Columbia company. Robert Kajanus, a prominent Finnish conductor and composer associated with the Philharmonic orchestra and the music department of the University at Helsingfors, is to be the conductor for these recordings, which will be made in England with an unspecified British orchestra.

The recognition comes late but at least it has come. Everyone who knows the seven great symphonies of Sibelius—the most unpretentious and yet the most imposing contribution of our time to symphonic literature—will not be half-hearted in giving both moral and active support to the admirable undertaking that is to make them available at last to the rank and file of music lovers. Concert performances are infrequent and often pitifully inadequate. I believe that only in New York and Boston have the entire seven been heard. Certainly the third and sixth are almost unknown to even well versed concert goers. Again phonography is to extend music's frontiers and to fertilize territory that concertizing has left almost entirely barren.

Meanwhile the recording companies continue their indefatigable activity despite the approach of summer, once held to be the "off-season." Who would have been rash enough to predict a few years ago, when the summer release lists

were confined exclusively to popular discs for playing on portables, that July supplements would include two Strauss tone poems from Brunswick, a Schubert concerto and a Brahms sonata from Columbia, a Brahms concerto and a Debussy suite from Victor? The Strauss discs live up to their advance ballyhoo. Apart from an occasional lapse in intonation—which may be the fault of the recording apparatus rather than of the orchestra—these performances of *Till* and *Don Juan* are the most exciting and satisfying we have yet had on records, as well as possessing the added attraction of “composer’s versions.” I have often expressed my admiration of Albert Wolff, the intensely animated and resilient leader of the Lamoureux orchestra of Paris, an admiration which his current registration of *L’Apprenti Sorcier* makes readily explicable. Liadow’s *Baba Yaga*, a delightfully titillating dabbling with diablerie and fantasy in Russian folk lore, makes a felicitous choice for the old record side. In addition to these three larger works, Brunswick brings out a Brailowsky piano disc and excerpts from *Der Rosenkavalier* of scarcely less stimulating interest, and announces an equally strong list for next month. Dr. Hans Pfitzner’s reading of the “*Eroica*” is the *pièce de résistance*: there are orchestral pieces conducted by Wolff (Chabrier’s *Bourrée fantasque* and *Marche joyeuse*) and Furtwängler (Rosamunde ballet music and the air from Bach’s suite in D); Wagnerian arias by Emmy Liesner and Elisabeth Ohms, and a new release in the series of organ recording by Alfred Sittard of St. Michael’s Church in Hamburg.

Columbia’s July repertory is astonishingly varied, with all kinds of novelties in the way of phonographia. The Schubert ’cello concerto is pretty music and one of the rare examples of happy musical metamorphoses. The arpeggione just isn’t played these days, at least in public, and it would be unfortunate if even this rill from Schubert’s unfailing melodic well should fail to reach the surface. The other Masterworks album is more meaty fare,—Brahms violin sonata in D minor, the first set of records to give Efrem Zimbalist a phonographic stature at all comparable with that he possesses in concert. Of the considerable miscellany of single discs I found most gratification in Lionel Tertis’ viola arrangements of Brahms’ *Minnelied* and that perfect folksong—the *Londonderry Air*: a crock of the purest tonal gold, a record of inexhaustible and unalloyed musical pleasure. Casella’s *Giara* excerpts possess some novel interest, but the music itself is worm-eaten by the cheapness and forced animation that for me pervade so much of the brilliant Italian’s writing.

When I first looked over the Victor advance list I amused myself by anticipating the Victor Record of the Month Club’s choice. The decision lay most logically between two discs, the simple “heart songs” by Mary Garden and the Barber of Seville overture conducted by Toscanini. The point involved was not merit or intensity of popular appeal, as both discs possess every attractive quality: Miss Gar-

den knows the pitfalls of affectedness and emotional extravagance far too well to mar the simple pathos of *Jock O’ Hazeldean* with any false sentiment, while Toscanini is on home grounds with Rossini and unbeatable, not to say entirely unapproachable. But the sales psychology involved in the selection is interesting. One disc appeals primarily to the old school of record buyers, the other to the new. It is not merely that one is a vocal recording and the other orchestral; the issue lies deeper than that. It is a question whether the phonograph can succeed with great artists only by the supposedly “popular” qualities of their talent, or whether it can afford to meet them at their best. It happens that Rossini’s overture is popular. But it is not “popular music” nor is it done with the intention of making it popular. Composer and conductor are at the top of their powers in this recorded performance. One wrote and the other plays as if the goal of perfection were all that mattered. It is not a little significant that the overture was chosen as the Victor “Record of the Month.”

The Victor discs of Coppola’s reading of Debussy’s *Iberia* were delayed in the factory and failed to reach us in time for review in this issue, but the imported pressings have already been obtained by the more enterprising collectors of imported recordings and their approval again confirms the established reputation of Coppola in contemporary French music. Incidentally, *Iberia*—in the Columbia version conducted by Klenau and issued several years ago—has proved one of the best and most consistent “sellers” in the album set repertory. (One delights in piling up convincing testimony to the phonophiles’ earnest assertion that the demand for modern music on discs is not limited to narrowly circumscribed group of connoisseurs or faddists.)

The second Brahms piano concerto comes as the answer to many patient prayers and while it is not difficult to pick bones over details of the performance and the recording—as briefly outlined in the review in this issue—the fact remains that this is music so far above the ordinary that minor technical considerations play small part in deciding on the purchase of the set. Sometime there will probably be a recording done by a soloist who comes closer to the Brahmsian ideal than Rubinstein. There is ample vigor in the latter’s playing, but one is inclined to suspect his dextrous assurance and not too deeply rooted sincerity. But it is all highly invigorating and much may be forgiven for that.

The “foreign” and “export” lists reveal several nuggets of phonographic gold—the *Marina* and *El Matrero* sets announced last month and reviewed in this issue, a new example of Fabini’s writing—the song, *Luz Mala*, a new exposition of the superb voice of Nina Koshetz—one of the most thrilling to be caught on discs, and a highly novel small orchestral work by Prokofieff—the overture on Jewish themes, all of which should tempt the alert phonophile. The overture, played by the Victor Salon Orchestra of Argentina on Victor 47167, is of particularly keen interest.

And speaking of temptation I begin to fear that the magazine's efforts to stress the attractiveness of present day recordings have succeeded too well. A very curious letter comes to me from a western reader who let his subscription expire. Since failure to renew is extremely uncommon among our subscribers our circulation department wrote this man in order to discover any possible cause of dissatisfaction he might have with the magazine. He replied that his reason for non-renewal was not because we had failed in any respect to live up to the standards we had set for ourself, but because the fascination of the magazine was too great! It made him buy too many records and spend more money than he could afford. Accordingly, he was forced to class THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW among the temptations which simply have to be resisted.

Such a reaction to the magazine and to the disc output is amusing at first glance, but it is not wholly humorous. It strikes me that there is something very much wrong with this gentlemen's adjustment to the arts of music and phonography. If the relationship were wholly a harmonious one, he would still be bothered by the thought of all the works he wants and cannot afford to get, but he certainly would not evade the issue by attempting to deny the appetite for musical food entirely. The well poised man does not indulge in gourmandism, at least after he discovers its unwholesome effects. The musical diet must be regulated like any other to one's purse and one's nutritive needs. No one says, "I spend too much on food; I must stop eating." He exercises more discrimination in the choice of food. There is such a thing as false economy. Life abounding is one's first consideration whether records, books, or food be in question. The magazine has never tried to promote the sale of records as a purely sales proposition. While we are totally independent of the manufacturing companies in one sense, in another our fortunes—and those of the entire phonographic movement—are inseparably bound up with the health of the industry, which obviously depends for blood supply on the market for records and instruments. But we have urged and we shall continue to urge discrimination in the choice of record purchases. That is the aim of the reviews and the articles we print: to point out the musical attractions of various discs. Pure criticism involving a relentless emphasis on technical shortcomings is not in place at the present. When the art of recording important music has reached its full maturity and when phonography has fully entered into the American musical public's consciousness, new policies will be demanded. For the present our first objective is the promotion of growth,—not only as far as the quality and quantity of records are concerned, but also in the perceptive powers of their auditors. And it is to encourage the proper selection of music necessary for growth. The disc catalogues today are a veritable labyrinth, to which some guide is essential. And it is worth threading the maze if only to discover one musical goal. Whether or not our western friend makes use of this magazine or

not, I hope that he and such others as may share his attitude will consider record purchases as investments in enjoyment and culture—in food for the inner man, rather than as so many pieces of merchandise in which one acquires. If one can buy only one record a month, so much more essential the necessity of choosing that one carefully.

Through the medium of articles dealing with larger aspects of phonography than of the names and merits of specific recordings (important as those are to a magazine of this sort), I hope that THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW may help to enlarge the vistas and enlarge the horizons of those who are interested in the development of the art. In this issue for example, one article deals with the tonic and nutritive qualities of music in recorded form, made doubly necessary by the exhausting strain of contemporary life. Another deals with the progress in mechanistic developments, not of the phonograph alone, but also of such closely allied media as the talking films and various newly invented sound producing machines. The mechanical devices must come first. Once brought to a practicable degree of development intelligent use can convert them into invaluable tools in the artistic work-box. The invention of the pianoforte, of the Böhm system for wood-wind instruments are as unartistic in themselves as the invention of the Westinghouse air-brake, but while the latter is limited to strictly utilitarian use, the former can be and have been aids in expanding the expressive resources of the creative artist, who is stimulated to new and more eloquent utterance by the possibilities of the enriched vocabulary put at his command by the technician.

One of the most significant of recent inventions to enlarge the sphere of tone production is the Victor Theremin, which already has commanded the attention and respect of prominent musicians throughout the world. An indication of the musical potentialities of this uncanny instrument and of the close relationship it has with the phonograph will be the subject of an article now in preparation and which will appear in an early issue. Here lie the fascinating possibilities of a closer participation of the phonophile in music-making. Until now the best he could do in the way of joining in with the phonograph was to cultivate what I might term active listening (as opposed to passive hearing), aided by score-reading, shadow-conducting, singing or playing the piano or violin with records, or the other innocent, enjoyable, and highly profitable diversions of the more thorough-going phonophile. With the Theremin it is possible to connect the instrument with the speaker of an electrical phonograph and play with the record in a closer and more harmonious manner than has been possible heretofore.

Already the phonograph has been put to excellent use in aiding very young children to participate in music-making to a greater extent than their very limited digital skill would otherwise permit. Through the kindness of Mr. N. B. Smith, manager of the local branch of the Col-

umbia company, I was recently enabled to witness a remarkable exhibition of the marriage between so highly developed a mechanism as the phonograph and the simplest musical expressiveness possible to small children. At a concert of Boston school children held in connection with the music festival sponsored by the Tercentenary Music Committee of Boston, a "rhythmic orchestra" made up of some one hundred and fifty pupils from the first, second, and third grades gave several performances with a phonograph the Columbia company had furnished for the occasion. The "orchestra" was made up of a large variety of different percussion choirs; one group playing rattles, another bells, others clappers, of all descriptions, and the like. The arrangements had been carefully contrived and the effect was well varied and quite musical. The various choirs made their entrances and dynamic contrasts with care and needless to say the greatest of zest. Directly the children were learning the rudiments of rhythm and ensemble playing; indirectly they were breaking ground for a more fundamental vein of ore—the joy of active participation in the making of music.

The problems connected with the musical education of children have been touched upon lightly at various times in these pages. They are so closely bound up with the problems of adult education and self-education (in which so many of our readers have manifested keen interest) and also with the activities of the various recording companies, that I feel they fall legitimately within the magazine's sphere of attention. I have just been reading two publications of the Victor company's extraordinarily active and progressive educational department, directed by Frances Elliott Clarke: the seventh edition of Anne Shaw Faulkner's "What We Hear in Music," and a new edition of "Music Appreciation for Children." Unfortunately both books reached our hands a little too late for careful reviews to be prepared for this issue, but they will be conveniently considered next month with the latest addition to the series (now on the press), Hazel Gertrude Kinsella's "Music and Romance," a text specifically designed for Junior high school work, but which like the others is of supreme interest to the music lover anxious for the principles and psychology of musical education either from the point of view of pure investigation or of practicable aid in the development of his own knowledge and understanding of the best in music.

Not merely phonography, but the progress of music itself gains inestimably from the publication of carefully graduated courses of study leading to a systematized and evenly developed growth of the musical perceptions. Therein lies the answer to the extremist and faddist of every sort. Gradually the phonograph's vast and often unrestrained powers are harnessed to the chariot of the muse. Mrs. Clarke, for instance in her lectures and work with children, is painstaking always to speak of hearing *music* or playing such and such a *piece*, rather than listening to records or playing a disc, and more and more people are

grasping the implication, that records are subsidiary, means to an end, a highly convenient gateway. Works like the Brahms concerto and sonata that are out this month, or the Sibelius symphonies in preparation, represent a pitch of development in an art that has taken centuries to reach. To follow to such heights requires no small effort on the part of the listener. The discs are the door to the promised land, but while the door lies no farther than the nearest dealer's shop, we have to unlock it for ourselves. The learning to do so is the whole *raison d'être* of phonography.

All of which might sound highly intellectual and forbidding if every reader did not already know what superb delight there is to be had in the simple function of phonography. The aim and ideals may not be consciously present, but they exist nevertheless, and if they make the phonograph so much more than a mere machine and discs so infinitely more than clever toys.

And it is not only the theorist and the individual who are wakening to the broader implications of phonography. In the trade itself there are gratifying indications that the potentialities of the new market for music on discs are finding recognition. The inertia is great, but the leaders of the industry have already begun the educational work that eventually will result in a new type of record salesmanship—a type represented already by a few brilliant pioneers to whose work the readers of this magazine need no introduction.

At the June convention of the Radio Manufacturers' Association, attended by the leading figures in the radio and phonograph world, it was particularly noteworthy that almost without exception the new lines of the radio instrument manufacturers included combination radio and electric phonograph instruments. This was true not only of the companies already closely identified with phonographic products, but of those who until recently have been associated with radio alone.

Even more significant is the growing trade appreciation of the potential profit-making aspect of the aroused public interest in the more serious recordings. In one issue of the leading trade paper, "The Talking Machine World and Radio-Music Merchant," there are several extended passages dealing with this very point. One of them discusses the success of the disc collection in the New York Public Library and goes on to draw the logical conclusion:

Surely there is remissness on the part of some dealers when hundreds of people go to a library to make reservations to hear their favorite music in small booths instead of in the comfort of their own homes. It cannot be a price resistance that causes attendants of symphony concerts to take such pains to hear their favorites when the price of two or three tickets to such concerts would enable them to own forever records by the world's famous orchestras. No, it simply must be that dealers have failed to inform music lovers of the veritable treasury of music which is available in recorded form. . . .

The exact point that phonophiles have been trying to drive home for years!

ROBERT DONALDSON DARRELL

# Bedřich Smetana's Symphonic Poems

By DR. J. E. S. VOJAN

## The first complete recording of "Ma Vlast"

IN October 1856 Smetana left his home for five years. The Philharmonic Society in Goeteborg, Sweden, asked the famous piano virtuoso Alexander Dreyschock to become its director, but Dreyschock recommended Bedřich Smetana, and so the Bohemian composer who was 32 years of age at that time went to Scandinavia. The first three symphonic poems composed by Smetana were written there. They are entirely in the spirit of the young German school. Smetana's visit at Weimar (September 3-7, 1857) explains why these poems follow so closely the example of Liszt's symphonic poems. The first, "Richard III," was finished on July 17, 1858. It depicts musically the mental struggles of the Shakespearean hero, entirely in Liszt's style. The second, "Wallenstein's Camp," written at the end of 1858, is a vivid description of the tempestuous soldier life as depicted in Schiller's trilogy. The third, "Hakon Jarl," finished at Goeteborg on March 24, 1861, is built upon two motives, one of an organ character, the other in ballad mood, accompanied by passages for the harps. The poem is a musical description of the great struggle between the national hero Hakon Jarl, a pagan, and a king Olaf, a Christian, but a weak and immoral ruler.

"The episode of my life at Goeteborg from October 1856 to May 1861 is closed, it belongs to the past and a new way opens before me," wrote Smetana himself after his return to Bohemia, and he was right.

The Austrian absolutism was crushed by the defeats in Italy, the Vienna government reluctantly but definitely returned to constitutional life, all the nationalities of the monarchy breathed freely again, and the Bohemian nation started on the last section of its journey to independence which ended on October 28, 1918 and was prophetically proclaimed by Smetana in his cycle of symphonic poems "My Country."

H. E. Krehbiel wrote to me twenty years ago: "Editorial Room of the Tribune, New York, May 15th, 1909.—If I were asked who, of all the heads of National Schools of Music—was most entitled to be honored by a monument in this country, I, putting aside my personal friendship, admiration and love for Dvorak and Tchaikowski, should unhesitatingly reply 'SMETANA.' To the Czechs he means all that any great nationalist can mean to a patriotic race; but to all lovers of the great and good and pure in music he means more than any composer of our day since Wagner and Brahms." These words of Krehbiel come always to my mind whenever I cudgel my brains about the enigma why here in the United States only the second of the six "My Country" poems

is so often played and even recorded and why the other five poems are neglected.

Smetana's "My Country (Má Vlast)" is a composition unparalleled in world's musical history. It is not only the apex of Smetana's creation, it is also and mainly the most magnificent bequest left to any nation by her composer. It is further the most heroic personal victory: on the day when he became deaf, October 20, 1874, Smetana sketched the majestic motif of Vyshehrad which forms the basis of the first poem, appears at the end of the second poem "Vltava" when the river comes to Prague, and returns in the sixth poem to close the cycle. The annotation at the end of the score of the first poem "Written in condition of ear-disease" and the tragic note at the end of the Vltava score "Being entirely deaf" tell the entire story. All six poems were written by a deaf composer who never heard them. Only once was the Fate merciful to Smetana: on November 5, 1882, the cycle "Ma Vlast" was performed for the first time in its entirety in Prague. This day and the 100th performance of "The Bartered Bride" on May 5, 1882, were the happiest days in Smetana's life. He became the centre of ovations which a nation bestows only upon its greatest men. He did not hear the applause and shouting, but he saw the waving handkerchiefs of the standing audience and the multitude of wreaths. But after these happy days the tragedy proceeded precipitately. On May 12, 1884 Smetana died in the darkness of insanity caused by his long physical sufferings and psychical over-exertion.

The entire cycle "My Country" has just been recorded by the Gramophone Co. (Czechoslovakia) Ltd., Prague, AN 386-395, on ten 12 inch records. The first and last poems are in four parts, all other poems in three parts, the recording is without the slightest cut and very good. The poems were played by the Bohemian Philharmonic Orchestra of Prague, F. Talich, a professor of the State Conservatory and conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra, conducting. In my estimation the last two poems form the climax of Talich's reading of the score.

The first poem, "Vyshehrad," finished Nov. 18, 1874 and produced for the first time Jan. 14, 1875, Ludwig Slansky conducting, is the most noble and most Smetanian poem of the cycle. It begins with the Vyshehrad theme played by the harp: the composer transferred to the pagan days of Prague, one thousand years ago, hears the lyre of a bard. Vyshehrad is a rock rising above the Vltava river at the southern end of the city of Prague. At its top for several centuries was the superb seat of princes and kings

of the Premysl dynasty (Vyshehrad means "the high castle"). The theme is taken up by the wood-wind, later by the strings and finally by the full orchestra: Vyshehrad in full glamor rises before the eyes of the poet. After an intermezzo the theme of which is only a counterpoint modification of the main theme, Vyshehrad's glory is evoked twice by new melodious themes; the castle trembles with glorious hymns. Then the catastrophe follows, wild passions overthrow the lordly towers. Over a tremolo of violas the doleful lament is heard. Only once more the main theme reappears as Smetana's prophecy that the glory of the Bohemian nation will return, but for the present only a sad stillness prevails and brings the poem to its end.

The second poem, "Vltava" (the name of this principle river of Bohemia is "Moldau" in German), is the most popular part of the cycle. Written Nov. 20—Dec. 8, 1874, first performance April 4, 1875 at Smetana's concert in Prague. First American production: Chicago, Thomas, Winter, 1893-1894. Vltava originates in the Bohemian Forest (southwestern frontier of Bohemia) from two creeks, the Warm and the Cold Vltava. Flutes depict the first creek, clarinets the other, and then both together form the river Vltava. The rapturous theme emerges in full splendor. The river flows now through dense woods (hunting scene), then through lowlands (peasant wedding feast) and when night sinks upon its waves, the wood and water nymphs hold their revels in its stream. This moonlight episode is the most magnificent part of the cycle in respect to sound charm. Strings play the dreamy melody embellished by flutes, clarinets have an independent theme of undulating triplets, horns in *pp* and harps complete the sweet picture. The brass-wind introduces a new theme: ruins of castles, witnessess of bygone glory, are reflected in the Vltava's waves. The main theme appears again, the river flows lustily until it comes to the St. John's Rapids where it winds its way through rocks. The rich counterpoint has here the hard wild sound of rapids. The Vltava then emerges from the cataracts and flows in majestic calm toward Prague where the Vyshehrad theme greets it. The river disappears in the far distance from the poet's gaze, and two chords of the full orchestra, dominant and tonic, close the poem.

The third poem, "Sharka," is the most passionate part of the cycle. Finished Feb. 20, 1875, first performance March 17, 1877, at the Slavonic concert of the University Students' Society. All the premières (with the exception of that of Vyshehrad) were conducted by Adolph Cech, conductor of the National Theatre, Prague. The first American performance was in Chicago, October 25-26, 1895, by the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. Sharka, the leader of Bohemian Amazons, has been betrayed in love by one of the hated race of men and swears revenge. Her wild theme is impetuously worked over for 33 measures. It sounds very much like Richard Strauss who but twenty-five years later wrote such music. A new theme of marchlike character introduces the Knight Ctirad with his men.

An expressive passage by the clarinet represents Sharka's call for help. She let herself be bound to a tree by her girls in order to betray Ctirad. After a clarinet and violincello solo the passionate love song is heard: Ctirad, fascinated by Sharka's beauty, releases her. A revelry of Ctirad's men follows, all gradually drop into slumber, the bassoon imitates the snoring of warriors. Horn calls are heard, Sharka's signal and the reply of her girls. They fall upon the slumbering men and put everyone to death.

The fourth poem, "From Bohemia's meadows and forests," is one of the most skillful works of the world music literature. Finished Oct. 19, 1875, first performance Dec. 10, 1876, at the concert of the Pension fund of orchestra and chorus members of the National Theatre. A majestic *ff* opens the poem, an expression of the vigorous impression when on a sunny summer day we admire the Bohemian meadows. We inhale the fresh breath of fields and prairies, we observe the simple beauty of peasant life. A theme of longing appears, then a fuga follows, its five voices showing again what a master of counterpoint Smetana was. We enter a forest, birds are singing, and a wonderful melody in horns is heard for the first time to reappear after a repetition of the fuga in full splendor. At once fragments of polka rhythm are heard, and soon this gay polka depicting a peasant feast (harvest home) whirls in a gay outburst. A new theme in flutes, oboes and bassoons, then a presto brings the poem to its end in which we hear the longing theme once more, now in *ff*.

The fifth poem, "Tabor," is a grandiose monothematic work. Finished Dec. 13, 1878, first performance January 4, 1880 (together with the last poem) at Smetana's Jubilee concert in Prague (this concert celebrated Smetana's first public appearance 50 years before, when as a six and a half year old boy he played at a concert at Litomyshl, his birthtown). The single theme is the Hussite war song "O ye warriors of God and His law." Tabor was the stronghold of the blind leader of the Hussites, one of the most glorious figures of Bohemian history, the invincible warrior and still today the symbol of Bohemian strength. A tremolo of kettledrums and a fragment of the war song, the first measures, opens the poem, the fragment is again and again repeated, the second fragment follows, until the war song is shouted for the first time in its full vigor which put the crusaders at the beginning of the XVth century to the run whenever they heard it in the distance. In the middle part a short two measure fragment of the song is worked out by Smetana to a symphonic stream which reminds the hearer of the mastership revealed in the overture to "The Bartered Bride." Finally a long graduation leads to the tremendous climax: the war song is thundered forth by all brass and wood-winds and in vain all the strings attack its wild waves; the Hussites and their Tabor resist all their foes victoriously.

The last poem, "Blanik," is the immortal prophecy of Bedrich Smetana. Finished March

9, 1879. Blanik is a mountain in southeastern Bohemia. An old folk legend says that in its bosom the Hussites are sleeping to come to help the country in its worst crisis. The poem opens therefore again with the war song of Hussites, then an idyl follows, the poet takes us from the bosom of the mountain to the surface and we hear the oboe of the shepherd. But soon clouds are coming, the crisis is nearing, the war song of the Hussites reappears, and now from its last words "And finally with Him you will win!" Smetana evolves a superb march. The Hussites leave the bosom of the mountain and start their great ride which, in Smetana's own words, means that the Bohemian nation at the moment of the worst crisis will find herself and will win. This march leads to a grandiose climax where the main theme of Vyshehrad appears and not only cements all the six poems into a real ring, but also contains the prophecy that the old glory of Vyshehrad and the Bohemian nation will revive, that her independence will return.

When the times came that tried men's souls, in the days of the world war, "My Country" filled the Bohemian souls with unshakable hopes. A Bohemian writer, Chas. B. Jirak, says: "Where the heavy hand of the censor could suppress the written word, the music spoke without words and so eloquently that everybody understood it. In the worst days of national persecution the nation learned to understand Smetana's tones, and "My Country" spoke there where any other speech was forbidden. That was the historical mission of Smetana's music which slumbered in it, enchanted for thirty years after the composer's death, in order to awake them and to bear fruit. If Vienna had been able to comprehend what was concealed in "My Country," what a life-giving vigor spoke to the nation from the tones of Smetana's symphonic poems,—surely Vienna would have exterminated those works from the earth's surface." The reader surely understands now why the Bohemians love Smetana's music so much.

## Phonographic Echoes

### Multiple Speaker Installations

Amplifying installations for schools, hotels, hospitals, etc., discussed in an interview with Mr. Frank Irving Cooper in the November 1929 issue of the magazine, have lately been the object of considerable attention on the part of the Victor Company. Bulletins have been received describing the centralized radio systems installed in two Boston hospitals, the elaborate phono-radio system installed in the "Radio special" train in which National Electric Light Officials are travelling to a convention in San Francisco, and the various types of equipment that may be obtained. There are various degrees of complexity to the systems, varying from the connection of two or three speakers to a single radio-phonograph, to amplification installations for auditoriums, and multiple speaker installations involving a number of rooms, the speakers operating from a central panel or set, but susceptible to individual regulation.

The equipment on the "Radio Special" train is the most elaborate ever installed in a moving train. An engineer tunes in the central radio set for an assembly of over one hundred speakers located throughout the train of fifteen cars. The volume is set at a prescribed maximum at the central station so that it cannot become objectionable, and in addition each of the speakers has an individual volume control. A time clock at the central station automatically turns on the programs in the morning and off at night, or at other stated intervals. There is an electric phonograph included in the system that makes available any type of music whenever desired, from a well-stocked record library.

Another bulletin from Victor's press department describes the utilization of records for the first time in American politics. In his campaign for re-nomination, Senator Joseph R. Grundy of Pennsylvania made a series of twelve recorded speeches which were broadcast from leading radio stations in the state and also played on the sound-reproducing apparatus with which most auditoriums and theatres are now equipped. The method permitted the candidate to reach a large audience with carefully prepared speeches without the wearing effort of constant travel and repeated public appearances. It also reduced his campaign cost, both in travelling expense, and in broadcasting, since the charges for local broadcasts are much less than those for wide hook-ups.

### Emma Albani

Mine. Emma Albani, one of the last of the rapidly dwindling group of great singers of the nineteenth century, died at her home in Kensington, London, on April 4th, at the age of seventy-seven. Did she ever make any records? A cursory search of our old catalogues fails to reveal any.

### Electrical Transcriptions

The "electrical transcriptions," or special recordings made for broadcast only (given editorial comment in the past issue) have been made a specialty by the Brunswick Company. Under the direction of Mr. L. L. Sebok, Brunswick engineers recently took a recording troupe across central Europe under the sponsorship of the Bond Bakers for the purpose of recording music which when broadcast took up only two hours.

Mr. Sebok's troupe visited London, Paris, Berlin, Milan, Vienna, Prague, and other leading European cities, recording military bands and orchestras in characteristic national music. The party got back to America with only three weeks to spare before the first program went on, giving barely enough time for the master plates to be made at the Brunswick plant in Muskegon, Michigan, from which copies were sent out to the thirty-eight radio stations that were to broadcast the programs.

### A Japanese Royal Phonographic Treasure

From the Columbia company's press department comes an interesting report of an ancient Columbia model that is still treasured in the Japanese royal family. The instrument originally belonged to General Stoetzel of the Russian army, who surrendered it—together with his sword and horse—to General Nogi of Japan at Port Arthur in 1905. General Nogi presented it to the then Crown Prince of Japan, the late Emperor Taisho, who in turn gave it to his three sons, the present Emperor and his brothers. Their mother, the Empress, was especially fond of it and it was carried regularly from the Winter to the Summer Palace and back again. It is still treasured in the Royal Family for its associations, and it is said to be still played.

Phonography has made enormous strides in Japan in the last few years, and Japanese phonophiles no longer have to take such extraordinary pains to get good records as did the pioneers. The readers of the early issues of THE PHONOGRAPHIC MONTHLY REVIEW will remember Mr. Hajime Fukaya's vivid description of Japanese collectors' hardships in those days.) Now the Columbia, Victor, and Polydor companies all maintain affiliated factories in Japan and most of the important album sets issued in Europe and America are also released there.

THE PHONOGRAPHIC MONTHLY REVIEW has attracted the attention of a considerable number of Japanese phonophiles—largely through the energetic efforts of leading Tokio dealers, Messrs. Midoriya—and from time to time we receive some very interesting letters from our far eastern friends, most of whom handle the English language with surprising facility.

# This Thing Called Recorded Music

By PETER HUGH REED

A nerve tonic that eases the tension of modern living

**T**HIS thing called recorded music has taken on a new significance in the past five years. It has become, instead of the frosting on the cake of an artistically appreciative minority, the daily bread of an artistically appreciative majority. Many people wonder why, while others pass the problem over—if it may be called a problem—as they pass over most of the “whys” and “wherefores” of every-day living. “It’s a great life if you don’t weaken,” is the pet slogan of the crowd, but how many of those that advocate it realize that music virtually helps us not to weaken?

Life in the cities today is a high-powered existence. And even in the small suburban places the tension of the metropolis still manifests itself. The overflow is consistent. The dynamo of life is at the present time in America running at a terrific rate of speed. We work, play, eat and sleep, so to speak, on the run. Some of us exercise our muscles. Some of us exercise our brains. And some of us exercise our digestions. But the majority of us who obey one or another of these instincts are apt to overdo them, because few of us understand the value of taking things gradually. A winter of inactivity is followed by eighteen holes of golf or two or three sets of tennis, a moderate diet by a seven course dinner, total abstinence by intemperate drinking. Certainly, it is a great life—if one does not weaken. But we continually forget that all of this reacts, not alone on the physical system, but also on the nervous system—a mechanism as infinitely fine and complex as the many-thousand-wired control board of a big radio station.

But—where does music come in? Well, music with its own variety of emotional and rhythmic stimulus is an exercise—a tonic for the nerves. It stimulates, soothes and strengthens the vibrant control-board of our complex systems, that is if it is in accord with our own individually approved mental receptivity. To one perhaps the rhythmic unrestraint of jazz, to another the well-ordered undulations of symphonic music. To yet another the sanguine sentiment of theme-songs, love ditties, etc. To others the more poetical sentiment of a Bachian chorale, a Beethovenian overture, or the stimulating impetus of a Wagnerian Valkyrie Ride or a Stravinskian Spring Rite. “It’s quite a matter of individual desire and taste,” said the dear Duchess as she kissed her favorite Pekinese and turned her back upon an undesirable suitor.

There are many people who believe that the increased interest in music, in the past quarter of a century, is due to the influence of recorded music. This may well be. Certainly the various

sound reproducing instruments have helped to bring music into the four corners of the earth. So much so in fact that we wonder if there is a spot left where human nature can satisfactorily exist on this planet called Earth, which has not as yet re-echoed to some kind of music—recorded or not. If so we are certain curiosity would take us there to feel the atmospheric condition of such a place and find out whether Nature loses or gains by being musically innocent.

There are some people who believe that the increased velocity of life has turned naturally toward music and particularly toward recorded music, with its repetitive and rhythmic stimulus and its many privileges, as a massage or tonic for the nervous system, thus accounting for the great demand for it that proves to be existent today. Personally we believe they are right and it would not seem foolish for us to avow that reproduced music developed psychologically, because human nature began going so fast in an hourly milage that there became a crying need for something which could give a more consistent repetition of a beneficial nerve-exerciser, just as the muscles of the tired business man cried aloud for the need of a mechanical contrivance that was answered by the electric motor exerciser. Mankind no longer seems to have the time to do the thing for itself. There is no question of individual blame, the condition is universal, and the result of the rush of modern existence.

Back to the theme-song of this article: “this thing called recorded music” in the past five years has certainly developed a new appetite. In fact, the general trend of musical taste has been multiplied by several hundred thousands. Which only goes to prove that the philosopher who contended that music was spiritual food was somewhat right, and that the poet who said “Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast” was a born prophet. Look at what music in general has done for the bosom of America in the past quarter of a century, once savage in its denouncement of it as a business, a career or an avocation, but now fostering symphony orchestras, jazz-bands, radio broadcasting and phonograph discs—to say nothing of individual careers.

When we face the statistics of radio and record audiences and realize what they are getting out of music, we have reasons to rejoice, for daily the quality of reproduction is bettering itself, and the quantity in consumption also grows. What of it—if it is only the record auditor who finds it no longer difficult to discriminate, while the radio fan is still consuming the tastes of national advertisers? After all, this may well be an existent state always, since radio at best im-

poses upon us the musical taste of the other fellow, while records alone answer the personal taste. Having said that much, we decline to pursue the argument further, since it distinctly has the flavor of a national advertising campaign for one faction only. And since we personally do not choose to definitely choose between radio and records, we shall simply add—the wisest of us own a combination machine. It permits us to indulge that “matter of individual desire and taste.” In this—we agree with the Duchess.

After all, you can take your musical message from radio, concert-halls, opera-houses, or personal performances, but the result will not be the same. The personal privilege is removed and repetition becomes an impossibility. Records alone, like books, fulfill the highest privilege by permitting an endless contact between the spirit of the creator, the mind of the interpreter and the regard of the listener. You may not know it and you may not concede that we are right for a single instant, but recorded music is something we all definitely need as much as food, for it is unquestionably equally beneficial. We admit, however, that an overdose of the wrong type of music for the wrong person will cause nervous indigestion, just as the wrong food for the wrong person will create a similar condition. The worst of the former is that there is no remedy that will immediately correct dyspeptic nerves. Which proves that there is room for a new medicine, and a reason for the pharmacist to consider music in relation to his business.

The growing need for recorded music furthermore proves that as an art, an entertainment or a food, as you will, it remains the greatest of them all. It apparently links itself with the law of vibration in a closer relationship than any other art to the force we call “life.” And whether you like jazz or so-called good music does not necessarily change the need—nor does it tell just where in the cosmic development you belong. The intelligentsia may argue that the man who likes good music is farther along in some so-called advancement, but who is it that can truly say whether this need of jazz may not be born of just as keen a development. After all, there is good and bad jazz, just as there is good and bad “good” music. One man’s meat may verily prove another’s poison, and no two need favor the same food. It has been proved that the epicurean is just as liable to a fine healthy physique as the man who carefully regulates his diet.

The only thing of importance out of this argument therefore would seem to us the statement with which we started: this thing called recorded music has taken on a new and grander significance in the past five years. The demand for good music is growing daily. And when millions make and respond to a demand, you may be certain it has become a real living necessity, born of an indispensable biological exigency. Therefore, the most important thing for those who have awakened to the realization that music has become an urge is, the comprehension of that urge. Here is where the manufacturers fail because so few realize the importance of studying

the psychological side of their business. If you will admit with us that music is an organized stimulus for the nerves—then it will be well to remember that a stimulus is better as a daily procedure than as a once-a-week or an every-other-day event. Like the daily consumption of food, music too promotes growth.

The last statement is an argument in favor of a phonograph and radio combination, which we wish to heartily endorse—even if we do not favor setting up exercises. The metronomic precision of music accompanying the latter may help to exercise the muscles, but it certainly does not help to exercise the nerves. Rather the rhythmic unrestraint of jazz which promotes a natural reaction, such as dancing to those who like it, than the other subjugating type of metronomic tension. True rhythm in music is a non-partisan quality. It is an appreciation of universality, for measured time reflects only the political background of a composer’s mind.

It is not important whether you like jazz or so-called good music. After all, we are sure you will agree with us, the philosophy of the dear Duchess is sound. Just as long as you find a genuine rhythmic reaction, you have found something really stimulating and enjoyable. And that something is definitely something that soothes and exercises those distraught nerves that rebel at a mile-a-minute civilization.

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### The P. M. R. Indices Again

Rev. Herbert B. Satcher’s remarkable work in indexing the first three volumes of *THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW* was paid a splendid tribute in the June issue of the “American Mercury” where a reviewer wrote that “merely to glance through the various rubrics is to realize what a stride the records have taken toward the diffusion of the higher types of music. The Rev. Herbert B. Satcher has done a thorough job, and his indices will prove of great value as a reference to all who are interested in the systematized study of the finer recording.”

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### El Club Espagnol

From Mr. W. S. Marsh of Providence, who reviews the records of El Matrero and Marina elsewhere in this issue, we have received the attractive program of a meeting of El Club Espagnol of Brown University. The two short plays that were the feature of the meeting were augmented by characteristic Spanish music from records furnished by Mr. Marsh: Albéniz’ Cadiz, Granados’ Goyescas Intermezzo, de Falla’s Jota, guitar solos, etc. A stimulating tip to similar organizations. Spanish, French, and German clubs are established at nearly all the leading schools and colleges, and the uses of characteristic national music in authentic performances is made easy by the use of records. The recent Guitry album set would be particularly valuable for use in French clubs, the Moissi recordings for the German organizations, while the recorded repertory of Spanish music is extremely large and varied.

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### Viennese Waltzes

Lovers of Viennese waltz records are not likely to suffer from the lack of new additions to their libraries. A large part of the great Strauss literature remains untouched, while the composition of contemporary waltzes has recently been stimulated by the Neues Wiener Journal’s prize contest which drew out one thousand and forty-nine waltz manuscripts.

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{ **Blue Is the Night** (from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production  
{ "Their Own Desire") .....Charles Lawman

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{ The Happy Chappies—Assisted by The Ramblers

# The Progress of Mechanical Entertainment in Europe

By HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

New instruments    /    Phonography in France    /    A radiophonic art

**S**ABANEEV, founder of the Russian Institute of Musical Sciences, has said: "Our age is the triumph of technics. We see their invasion of the musical art—an art essentially remote from the material plane. As a matter of fact, there is nothing abnormal in this; music has always been developed in very close contrast with technics, and its whole evolution has depended upon material causes. Examples are not far to seek: the expansion of music, its beginning, corresponds with the invention of the mensural system, which is a contrivance of a purely technical, and not of a musical or creative, order. Then we see a fresh outburst of creative fertility coinciding with the invention of music-printing; another technical phenomenon. What would music have been if the organ and keyed instruments had not been invented? The keyboard in combination with the tempered scale alone made Bach possible, and there is nothing 'creative' in these. The mighty expansion of pianoforte music in the nineteenth century is the direct result of the invention of the new type of instrument which supplanted the clavecin. The makers of the violin—the celebrated Stradivarii and Amatis—originated the violin literature of the 'heroic' period of fiddle virtuosity. The invention of chromatic trumpets created the orchestration of Berlioz and Wagner, and the whole of the new orchestral technique. All along we see that the technical plane influences the creative, fructifying it and providing it with new means of creation." If mechanized art needed at this late hour historical justification, here it is. But the use of a thing is its justification. How is the mechanical art or entertainment being used? I shall speak here of certain evidences of the *interest* (and interest is eventually progress) in the mechanical forms that seem worthy.

The specialized cinemas of Paris (called "arties" in America) have in recent years instituted mechanical accompaniments to the film. The houses that have done this are three: Studio 28 in Montmartre, Ciné-Latin in the Latin Quarter, and Les Agriculteurs in the St. Lazare section. Studio 28 uses two electrically worked gramophones in alternation (two machines are used for the same reason that two projectors are employed: to provide uninterrupted succession) and an electric piano for variety. A conductor, M. Fontaine, operates and selects the music. The piano music is provided by the perforated rolls of the Associated Composers, who include the leading modernists. The music issues from recesses in the right wall of the auditorium. At

Ciné-Latin an electro-magnetic Melodium is operated behind a folding screen to the left fore-corner of the movie screen, but the music issues from a loud-speaker placed behind the movie screen. At Les Agriculteurs the music of Odeon records issues from two loud-speakers to either side of the silver-sheet. The reception of this mechanical accompaniment is indicated by the fact that for the several new little cinemas planned such music is included. From the accompaniment now rendered, one may make these deductions: that of the Studio 28 has the virtue of variety, and suggests the possible future mechanical orchestra, with the addition of other instruments, like the small unit organ; the accompaniment at Les Agriculteurs has the virtue of modesty, and all musical accompaniment must serve humbly and not distract from the visual activity; the accompaniment is often too loud and too intrusive and, as in the case of the sound-film, vocal music is inserted to accompany non-verbal images, an incongruity. (Parenthetically, I say that while this is in the instance of the silent films an incongruity, it contains an idea for the future contrapuntal sonorous film.) If this mechanical accompaniment is able to become more general, despite the growth of the sound film, special music may be written by qualified composers. Maxime Jacob, well-known for his musical partitions to films exhibited at the Vieux Colombier, parent of the "artie," is interested in the possibility of specially provided gramophonic music. Professor Luigi Russolo of Milan has invented the pssofarmoni, instruments worked like the piano or organ, with new timbres reproducing natural and mechanical sounds. His rhumharmonium, one of the pssofarmoni, was employed by Russolo at the Studio 28 to accompany a film of machine by Eugene Deslaw, the young Ukrainian cinematist living in Paris. A very appropriate composition of machine beats and buzzes it was. The rhumharmonium is connected to any ordinary voltage and manipulated like the organ.

This mechanical accompaniment has ancestry. Its ancestry is, in fact, that of the sound film. Sigmund Lubin in very early film days sold phonographs and records to accompany his films. Wurlitzer mechanical band units have been used in American movies, and in the Tenderloin of Philadelphia, the old Forepaugh's, now a nickelodeon, employs, or did employ, such a unit. At a meeting of the Paris society, "Friends of the Disc," machine for making noises was demonstrated; this was an invention of 1905. As to the orchestral employment of such instruments as

the rhumharmonium, I may refer to the invention by Professor A. Erarsky of the Moscow Synodal School in 1890. He invented small organs with a keyboard, played like a piano. They were used in children's orchestras at the school, and such composers as Tschaikowsky and Taneev were enthusiastic enough about them as to conduct the orchestras of children, and Taneev even wrote a composition for them. In relation to special mechanical music, George Antheil's "Ballet Mecanique" was written originally for Leger's film of that name. At the Baden-Baden festivals of music, composition for mechanical mediums are accorded respectable places on the program.

The "Friends of the Disc" I have mentioned above is the phonograph equivalent to the numerous film clubs of Paris. A small body of members meets monthly to hear new and old records on an electric gramophone: classic, popular, dance and folk music. When the noise-machine was demonstrated, two pre-war tinted films were shown, and an accompaniment of period records was played. The noise-machine furnished the stresses. This society meets at the Studio 28. The inter-relationship is carried on in the Film-Club which also meets at Studio 28.

The disc continues to be a fascination to the Frenchman, and he accepts it as a major and not incidental form of entertainment. Not only do the numerous "phono salons" attest to this—we have some "penny-arcades" in America but usually in ragged neighborhoods, seldom elegant ones like those in Paris—but also the recitals that are frequently held. The Pathé people have built on the grand boulevard a "salle panatonal" with daily recitals, for which admissions of one and two francs are charged. Recently at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées Columbia held a gala, where not the artists in person but the records were the attraction. The editor of the very best periodical devoted to music, *La Revue Musicale*, gave his personal attention to this gala, for which the usual fees for recitals were charged, and concentrated his critical consideration upon the discs. At the oriental museum Guimet an entire recital of eastern music on discs was given, and this museum together with the Musée de la Parole is organizing a foundation for the publication of records of the eastern folks.

All the dailies and leading periodicals of Paris devote space to the consideration of the disc. Every movie journal, whether more critical, like "Du Cinema," or trade, considers the disc as worthy of criticism along with the movies. Regularly periodicals appear devoted entirely to the consideration of enregistered music, and one has been now existent for a relatively long period: "L'Edition Musicale Vivante," edited by the noted critic and teacher of music, Emile Vuillermoz. Vuillermoz is also one of the pioneer film-critics of France. This combination is met with frequently, notably in Henry Poulaile, author of a book of importance on Chaplin, and speaks again for the splendid harmony of interests typifying the Frenchman. Notable novelists and es-

sayists like Pierre MacOrlan, André Obey and Franz Hellens write pertinently upon mechanical music. Hellens is a Belgian, and his work appears in the interesting revue published in Brussels, called "Varietes." Recently an entire number of the elite woman's journal, "La Revue de la Femme," was given over to mechanical music, with articles by several of the aforementioned writers relating to that music in the home, cinema, musical education, poetic utterance and the future.

Critical interest in phonographic music in France is further attested to by the simultaneous publication of three serious books on the gramophone: by such eminent musicographers and critics as André Coeuroy, Boris de Schloezer and Charles Wolff. The de Schloezer volume is included in a series devoted to modern knowledge. In his survey, *Panorama of Contemporary Music*, M. Coeuroy has devoted considerable space to mechanical music. He refers to the Africans who are "stylists in noises," to the Italian harmonizers of noises, to Mozart's composition for the mechanical organ, to Weber's rondo of 1811 for the harmonichord. Stravinsky uses a hand-organ in *Petrouchka*, Pleyela rolls accompany Gremillon's film, "Tour of the Deep," Jaubert the Frenchman invents the "prodigious magician," the Germans, Hindemith, Toch and Munich, write for the mechanical piano. Coeuroy, like Sabaneev indicates that mechanical music and mechanical entertainment have an old history and a long future. This future is extended by the talking film, whose future is the future of noise, its control and its fashioning.

In England there is perhaps the liveliest of journals "The Gramophone," edited by the Scotch patriot and novelist, Compton Mackenzie. The articles are very wide in scope, from those on folk-music to dissertations on the relationship of technical apparatus to the art of musical rendition, articles very serious and important. Mr. Mackenzie also writes upon the current records for a large London daily, and Mrs. Mackenzie for another. The "highbrow" weeklies have long included the discographic criticism. Compton Mackenzie is the moving spirit of the largest of popular societies for the support of gramophone music, The National Gramophone Society, which has to its credit the publication of records not unknown to chamber music connoisseurs in America.

We in America have never really looked upon the gramophone as much more than a piece of furniture or a mechanism, seldom as a medium of expression. Only now is there any appearance of a disc-critic, although the radio from its start has been included in the journalistic enterprise. As to the mechanical piano, it is well-nigh an antique. But in England and France the mechanical mediums are, one might say, just beginning to come into their own, even though they have long been exploited. At the Columbia Gala a film was shown to a deeply interested audience of the making of a disc, and the veteran pianist, Francis Planté, was shown recording for the

gramophone at his remote residence, to which he retired. This return of the pianist via the gramophone was hailed as epoch-making. The film was thought valuable enough to be re-shown at the largest film club, the Tribune Libre, where it was projected to the accompaniment of Columbia records amplified. England too, it appears, is considering the gramophone accompaniment for the motion picture. Special records were supplied to accompany a 16 m-m film made by two Cambridge University students, Basil Wright and Michael Bonavia.

Although popular taste in England has not yet entirely accepted the talking picture (which is another thing than the sound film), the music critic of the London Times has made a statement which contains the germ for a new compound form. He sees the possibility of a compound where the films will be the accompaniment to the music. It is interesting that simultaneously with this assertion has come to me a letter from Francis Bruguiere, the gifted American photographic artist living in London, containing an identical thought. Only, the Times music critic floundered somewhat when he compared this film accompaniment to the printed program note. Bruguiere has in mind an interwoven pattern of the two. This may enter into the considerations which the great Russian directors, Eisenstein, Pudovkin and Alexandroff, have published upon the contrapuntal basis of the sound film.

In the leading French magazine, the Nouvelle Revue Française, Paul Deharme writes upon a Proposition for a Radiophonic Art. It is a stimulating essay, with abundant offerings for thought and practice. He wants to find, as he says, "... in this new domain, and for a new public, means for a new expression." He does not want the literal and banal melodrama of noises which have passed for radio drama, such as the 1,200 plays submitted in the German contest of 1927. Deharme believes that the contemporary intelligence is in need of "imagination, of lyric transformation, such as is not offered by the classic forms, nor even by the new art-forms, and which the radio may satisfy."

Among these prime necessities he places "the taste for the unreal," as is evinced in the willingness of the popular mind to believe in a succession of images lacking color projected upon a screen lacking relief, and in such a contradiction of ordinary logic as the animated cartoon of Max Fleischer, where real personages participate with designs. He believes the radio can create its analogy to these visions, by putting in place of a spectator of images an auditor of images. The analogy is further enhanced by this fact; just as the space between the movie spectator and the screen is neutralized, so the reality between the source, radio cabinet, and the listener is rendered neutral. This neutrality in both instances suppresses the distractions and favors the state of receptivity. He indicates that this neutrality in the field of sound is not altogether new; the orchestra at Bayreuth in Germany is invisible. And has not our own American conductor, Leo-

pold Stokowski, suggested such practice in America?

In England critical opinion has occasionally indicated pertinent radio employments. In anticipation of Deharme's concept of unreality, one London critic, commenting on a radio production of Maeterlinck's "The Bluebird," spoke of the successful presentation of the unreal nature of that work through the microphone. Another English writer, in the Radio Times of London, said that the music of the 17th and 18th century clavier is particularly suited to the microphone, because that instrument conveys especially well the immaterial character of that instrument, retaining the elfin charm of the works of Rameau, Scarlatti and Couperin.

Professor Sabaneev makes these prophecies concerning the further mechanization in the musical art: the increasing differentiation between the active creator and the passive listener. "In the primitive stages the 'types' of musician—the listeners, the performer, and the 'composer'—are blended . . . The listener is already able to dispense with the actual performer." He foresees the abolition of printed music, as hinted at in the disc. He anticipates, at least in aim, "the creation of an instrument in which the artistic will would exercise control over the properties of every note, but the realization of the note would be entrusted to mechanism." Probabilities are the disappearance of the orchestra, and the composition of music direct to the mechanism; The extension of the musical scale is hand in hand with the mechanization of music and the invention of new instruments for this mechanized music.

## EUROPEAN RELEASES

The complete recording of Verdi's Requiem Mass has not been mentioned previously in these columns, although the work has been out long enough to have already been imported into this country. Carlo Sabajno is the conductor; Pinza, Giudice, Fanelli, and Menghi-Cattaneo are the soloists; the recording is in ten discs, made by the Italian H. M. V.

### Madrigals

The rapidly growing series of recorded sixteenth century songs and madrigals, sung by the St. George's Singers for the English Columbia company, is now issued in album form—six discs. The composers are Gibbons, Bateson, Mundy, Morley, East, Weelks, Wilbye, Byrd, Vautour, and Ward—the golden names of the golden age of British music.

### Pagliacci

The latest addition to the complete opera library is Pagliacci, done under the indefatigable Sabajno's direction for H. M. V. The soloists are Saraceni, Valente, Granforte, Palai, and Basi; and the work takes nine twelve-inch discs. This is the first recorded Italian version, the earlier one from English Columbia having been done in English.

### British Orchestral

From H. M. V. comes the Scherzo from Bruckner's fourth symphony ("Romantic") played by Krauss and the Vienna Philharmonic, Beethoven's third piano concerto with Ham-bourg in the solo rôle and the orchestra conducted by Sargent, the Magic Fire Music in a re-recording by Coates, the Flying Dutchman overture conducted by Schmalstich, and two Elgar morceaux—Salut d'Amour and Carissima—conducted by the composer. English Columbia lists Johann Strauss' Roses from the South waltz conducted by Bruno Walter and on the last side of Gaubert's Scheherazade, the adagietto from L'Arlésienne suite conducted by Mengelberg. The Parlophone orches-

trials are Berlioz' Benvenuto Cellini overture conducted by Rosenstock and Hungarian march by Bodanzky, Strawinski's Fireworks, Polka and Galop from the second suite for small orchestra conducted by Pierre, and selections from Weinberger's Schwanda the Bagpipe Player. (The Strawinski disc is of particular interest as neither the early Fireworks or the two suites—drawn from two sets of pieces for piano four-hand—are often played by American orchestras.)

### H. M. V.

Moiseivitch plays the Brahms Variations and Fugue on a theme of Handel (three discs); the Flonzaleys play Mozart's D minor quartet (two discs); Dr. E. Bullock plays Bach's organ prelude and fugue in A minor; Dino Jonesco plays a Chopin Waltz and a Caucasian Melody on the cymbalon; De Greef plays four short pieces by Grieg; there are three new spirituals by Paul Robeson; the Love Duet from Otello by Sheridan and Zanelli with La Scala orchestra; new Christopher Robin songs by George Baker; the Benediction of the Poignards from the Huguenots done by the Berlin State chorus and orchestra under Blech; the Hallelujah from Beethoven's Mount of Olives and St. Patrick's Prayer sung by the Temple Church Choir; Elisabeth Schumann sings Zeller's Sei nicht böse and Nightingale Song; and the Grand Opera Company sings gems from Der Fledermaus. There are of course many American re-pressings in both the H. M. V. and English Columbia lists.

### English Columbia

The Lener Quartet continues its Mozart series with the Quartet in G major; Maurice Marechal plays a two-part version of Fauré's Elegie for 'cello; Mme. R. Paterni-Casadesus of the celebrated French family plays harpsichord recordings of a Scarlatti Toccata and Mozart's Pastorale Variations and Cadenza; the Don Cossacks Choir sings four Russian folksongs; and Raymond Newell sings four sea shanties.

### Other British Releases

Parlophone: Edith Lorand, of all recording artists is the first to bring out an orchestral work of Bela Bartok, the delightful Five Roumanian Dances; they take up only one record side, and the other is devoted to Albeniz' tango. The Royal Opera House orchestra of Stockholm is heard in two movements from Eric Coates' Summer Days Suite; Elisabeth Gerö sings Delibes Chanson Espagnole and Ardit's L'Estasi; Margarete Bäumer of the Berlin State Opera does the third scene from Act I of Tristan and Isolde; Micheletti sings popular Faust and Carmen arias, and La Argentina clicks her castanets to Malats' Serenata and Iradier's Bolero Classique. Decca: Frank Titterton sings English versions of the Walküre Spring Song and Meistersinger Prize Song; Olga Olgina does arias from Rigoletto and Lucia; the Decca Choir choral pieces by Stanford, Wood, and Elgar.

### From France

Honegger continues the series of his own recordings, for French Odeon with Rugby, and the same company also issues the overture to Chabrier's Gwendoline conducted by Pierné. From Pathé-Art there are the Danse Slave and Fête polonaise from Chabrier's Le Roi malgré lui conducted by Inghelbrecht. From French H. M. V. Ravel's Menuet Antique conducted by Coppola, Litolff's La dernier jour de la Terre and Dargomysky's Cosatschoque conducted by Paul Goguillot, a new Menuhin record (Samazeuilh's Chant d'Espagne, Serrano's Cancion del Olvido, and a Spohr Rondo), and two Poemes Juifs of Milhaud sung by Panzéra. From Polydor Haydn's "Surprise" symphony conducted by Horenstein, Debussy's Petite Suite conducted by Wolff, and Ravel's Quartet in F played by the Guarneri Quartet. French Columbia issues Vieuxtemps' Violin Concerto No. 5 in A minor played by Dubois with the Brussels Royal Conservatory orchestra conducted by Defauw, Franck's Trio in F minor and Schuman's Trio No. 3 in G minor played by the "Heart of Belgium" Trio, the Legia Society (male chorus) sings Rameau's Hymne à la nuit and Grétry's Rossignol.

### European H. M. V.

Albert Coates conducts the first complete recording of the delightful Eight Russian Fairy Tales of Liadoff . . . the Budapest String Quartet plays Tchaikowsky's Quartet in F, Op. 22 . . . Menuhin and Hubert Giesner play Beethoven's sonata in D major, Op. 12, No. 1, for violin and piano. . . . Cassals plays the allegro and adagio from Boccherini's 'cello sonata in A . . .

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# Correspondence

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## Marginalia — on Renewal

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

It is with keen pleasure, anticipation colored by recollection of my first year's fellowship, that I start a second year as subscriber to the PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW. Just a few impressions, with perhaps an added hope; gratitude, and the very human expression of personal likes.

The almost unbelievable expansion in recorded music has created a real problem in selecting for one's library about one percent of the output of major music. But such a type of difficulty stirs a zest for its own solution. On one side, at least, the problem is not present: for, so engaging are some of the announcements that many times the choice of an addition is spontaneous. It was so when Gaubert's buoyantly poetic Franck D minor appeared on the horizon: it was so when, some weeks later, the same composer's quartet was heralded. And, now, more recently, the Chopin F Minor Piano Concerto again with the artistic energy of Philippe Gaubert, sharing honors with the exquisite solo work of Mme. Marguerite Long. The performance is fully up to the standard set by Brailowsky in the other while the orchestral complement is more inspired; more animated in execution. Such pianissimos, sustained almost to daring are seldom heard on records of piano performance: while at the other extreme, especially in the first movement, Gaubert achieves maestoso crescendos of a proportion to alarm the camp of those who maintain that Chopin cannot compose effectively for orchestra. Altogether this French Columbia import is a stirring and entrancing half-hour.

The problem of selection has its crowding-out phase, which does not grow simpler with time. Every month I make mental reservation to purchase later sets or single discs that I cannot get at their release. Most of these stay on the reserve list, which grows terribly, and now includes all of the Wagner books, all of Gilbert and Sullivan: in fact the entire opera enterprise. Some day soon I hope to cut into this tonal mine, deep enough to draw out the Bach B Minor Mass. Another though much smaller album, is the lovely "Dichterliebe" Cycle of Schumann, sung by Thomas Denijo, a Dutch baritone, for Victor. When I heard these latter in the Gramophone Shop last winter I was struck almost as much by the fine introduction of piano as by the voice.

Sometimes, recordings appear a bit to one side of most music, and yet enticing enough to buy. Such as these are the series, three albums in all, of the A. A. Milne poems from "When We Were Very Young" and "Now We Are Six" arranged for voice and piano by H. Fraser Simson. More than thirty of these delightful and intimate child glimpses are recorded by Victor or Columbia of England. The discs are all ten-inch, and all are electric. The first group to be published was sung by Mimi Crawford, soprano, for H. M. V., the second by J. Dale Smith, baritone, for Columbia; and recently the third group interpreted by the popular Gilbert and Sullivan baritone, George Baker. It may be of interest to know that among thirty or more pieces there are no duplications. Those by Miss Crawford I have not heard. Between the renditions of J. Dale Smith and George Baker it is not easy to choose for both reach endearingly to the very heart of the poems. Mr. Baker's experience in the Sullivan patter-song makes his singing of the tale of Alexander, the lost beetle, and the organization of the two rain drops, John and James, on the window pane, doubly thrilling; while at times he strikes deeper and broader tones, without departing from the manner appropriate in singing to a child. Mr. Smith adopts

a style so consistently molded to the nestling sweetness of the poems that one would wonder if in the recording laboratory an infant visitant were not seated just before him, or perhaps a whole row of them. And these are like the written poems in one other respect: they have that equal appeal to the grown-up.

For each collector of recording there is usually one composer whose works appeal more directly than those of all others. For me it is Mozart, Ariel of music, in deft melodious and penetrating sensibility perhaps the finest artist of them all. I feel very grateful to the Columbia Company for their generous series of Mozart masterworks; and it is here I look for the first extended venture in Don Giovanni and the Magic Flute. The G minor Symphony is already out. I eagerly await three or more of the piano concertos, and as many of the violin concertos as well as more of the piano sonatas.

Every collector, also, has at heart certain compositions that he would like recorded. Instead of naming twenty I shall choose only three: Macbeth, by R. Strauss; the "Spring" Symphony of Schumann; and "The Tempest" Overture, by Tschaiakowski.

In conclusion, can I have in your column, some estimate of the following, Capet reading of Ravel's Quartet; the Campi-Capet version of Franck's Quintet, and the Capet versions of Beethoven's Quartets, Op. 131 and 132?

Washington, D. C.

GEORGE HILTON

## Chamber Symphonies

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

The editorial remarks on chamber symphonies, occasioned by the N. G. S. recording of a work by Paul Juon, prompt me to suggest that this highly contemporary musical form has been strangely neglected by the phonograph. In part it is an amplification of small string and wood ensembles, in part a simplification of the concert orchestra, with the various instruments used singly instead of in pairs or in multitudes. Tone colors are purer, contrasts are more striking, and melodic lines are more cleanly drawn. All of which would ensure the extremely felicitous recording of such works.

During the last few years chamber orchestras have been formed in nearly all the leading musical centers, usually from the first-desk men of the local symphony orchestra. Here in Boston we have had two, each of which gives one or two concerts a year, and in addition there is the Flute Players Club which includes a number of works on its programs that are virtually of the small chamber orchestral class.

Some of the most effective works played here were Honegger's Concertino for Piano and Orchestra, Stravinski's Octet, and Gruenberg's "Daniel Jazz." Schönberg's "Pierrot Lunaire" was also given, and while this perverted music is positively revolting in its ugliness it possesses such irresistible force and it is of such historic significance that a recording is inevitable. It will come from Europe, however, there can be no question about that.

The chamber orchestral repertory is rapidly growing and the phonograph will soon have to devote appreciative attention to it. Now that the ordinary orchestral literature has been so well covered, repertory departments will have to search farther afield. The effectiveness of the Juon records is a good indication of the success of future recording attempts in this field.

Somerville, Mass.

R. R.

## Tribute to "Observer"

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Just a word in praise of the excellent and timely articles by "Observer" which you published in recent issues of the magazine. They should do much to steady the man who has felt himself on uncertain ground with respect to the two phases of his phonographic investment; the "original cost" and the "upkeep."

Denver, Colorado

H. E. KLEIST

## A New Delius Sonata

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Appropos the Delius sonata reviewed in your June issue, the admirers of this composer will be interested to know that he has lately completed a new sonata for violin and piano (the third) that is soon to be published in England. The new work is in three movements and from its description is evidently exceedingly characteristic of its composer. This sonata must have been written by dictation, as Delius is still blind and partially paralyzed. How marvellous it will be if we can still expect great works from this supreme musical poet!

Los Angeles, Calif.

DELIAN II

## The Well-Tempered Clavier

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Since the glorious release of the first nine preludes and fugues from the Well-Tempered Clavier as played by Harriet Cohen for Columbia, I have maintained an alert search for more recordings from the same work, but they are all too scarce. If the Beethoven symphonies and quartets, the Wagnerian music-dramas, Verdi's and Puccini's operas are considered necessary for a complete phonographic repertory (and of course they are necessary), surely the Well-Tempered Clavier, the very staff of music I think Schumann called it, is equally vital.

Beside the Cohen records I have the Preludes and Fugues in C, C minor, and G played by Harold Samuel (the first two from Victor, and the third on an imported H. M. V. disc), Myra Hess's widely praised ten-inch Columbia record of the C sharp minor Prelude and Fugue, Kempff's imported Polydor record of the C sharp minor and D major Preludes and Fugues. The C minor is also done by Hirt, and in the Victor educational lists is a little disk containing two of the fugues (No. 2 in the first book and No. 7 in the second) arranged for piano and wood winds in order to make the part writing easier to follow.

With the exception of the last, all the others are from the first book of the Well-Tempered Clavier, at the expense of the many splendid works in the latter half of the collection.

My plea for a Bach piano concerto, expressed in a letter to your columns last fall, is soon to be answered by the National Gramophonic Society, which announces the Concerto in F minor as one of its next releases.

Montclair, N. J.

S. V.

## Pro Carrillo

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

"Pro Musica" of St. Louis, I think, would find Dr. Julian Carrillo's "Six Preludes" a sort of surprise. In them,—particularly "Nostalgies" and "Miercoles Santo,"—he will find music of a high order, somewhat à la Debussy, but less spectral. In other words, they contain much more than the mere ghost of music.

New York City, N. Y.

ALBERTUS

## Song Accompaniments on Discs

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I am emboldened by a letter in the May "Gramophone" to write to you on the same subject—that of accompaniment records. That is, the accompaniments alone—either for piano or orchestra—for some of the better known lieder, in recorded form, so that the amateur vocalist could enjoy more effective support for his tentative efforts than that offered by his own or his friends' struggles with the piano part. Naturally there wouldn't be an overwhelming demand for such discs, but they seem to me to be very much within the legitimate scope of the Victor Educational Department, say, and undoubtedly they would have some general sale. The expense of making them would not be great.

I agree with the "Gramophone's" correspondent that such records should *not* have the melody played, as well as the accompaniment. The introduction of the melody spoils the entire purpose of the record, that of providing a suitable tonal background before which the amateur singer may exercise his skill, not a melodic crutch upon which he must lean.

Dayton, Ohio

T. R. OLDFIELD

## Phonographic Philology

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Noticing Mr. V. C. Brewsbaugh's suggestion that we take over the French term "discothèque" for our record collections, leads me to suggest that an examination of the new phonographic phraseology be attempted by some phonomusically minded philologist. "Gramophile" was popularized by Compton Mackenzie several years ago. "Observer" and the P. M. R. are putting up a good campaign for the acceptance of "phonography"—an excellent term. The French have been particularly ingenious in the coining of new words, but where there are English equivalents it seems a pity to take over their terms. Why should Mr. H. Royer Smith have preferred "Disques" to "Discs"? There is, however, no equivalent as yet for "discothèque."

Another French term in more or less general use is "phonomanie"—a record enthusiast of the most extreme type, a phonographic crank. In French "phono" and in Spanish "fono" is frequently used alone or in connection with other words, "phono clubs," for example. Phonogramm is used in German in the sense of phonographic transcriptions of folk material, etc. Thus, "Phonogrammarchiv"—a library of actual recordings made folk singers or of the native music of various countries. The Hungarian composers, Bartok and Kodaly, made a collection of over 2,500 such recordings, most of which are preserved in the National Hungarian Museum at Budapest. (See Coeuroy and Clarence's "Le Phonographe" published by Kra, Paris.)

There is also a question at present regarding the exact meaning of "record" (as a noun). Thus, the Gramophone Shop in its bulletins speaks of a work being in so many records in the sense of so many record sides or faces. This is the general custom in England, I believe, where the H. M. V. works at least are labelled "First Record," "Second Record," etc., instead of "Part 1," "Part 2," etc. This has the advantage of distinguishing clearly between disk and record, and avoiding the sometimes awkward use of "parts," "sides" or "faces."

I wonder if this interesting philological field has ever been the subject of investigation. If not, it is well deserving of expert attention.

New York City, N. Y.

AMATEUR PHONOPHILOLOGIST

## Tokatyan, Lauri Volpi, Etc.

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Your magazine states that Tokatyan is a new recording tenor. You may be surprised to learn that Tokatyan made records for the Vocalion Company about seven years ago. One disk, No. 70041, 12 inch, double-face, \$2.00, had the Carmen "Flower Song" and the African "O Paradiso."

Another had the duet from Trovatore, "Miserere," with the soprano, Rosa Raisa, and Chorus.

Now about Raisa: I wish the Brunswick Company would have her make records of "Casta Diva" from Norma with Coe Glade or some other capable mezzo-soprano or contralto.

I think it is now time for a record of the great buffo air, "Udite, Udite, o Rustici," from Elisir d'Amore. Didur could do this for the Brunswick Company and either De Luca, Pinza, or Chaliapin for Victor.

Shortly before Lauri-Volpi sailed to Europe I had the extreme good fortune to hear him in Gioconda and Trovatore. He received an ovation both times. Why, oh why, doesn't Victor have him make records of "Du Quella Pire" from Trovatore and "Cielo e Mar" from Gioconda? No tenor at present in this country can sing these anywhere near as well as Lauri-Volpi. Next year he will probably sing in a revival of Rossini's William Tell, which along with Verdi's Otello and Bellini's Norma and Puritani were never attempted by the Great Caruso during his career at the Metropolitan Opera House.

I, too, would be pleased to see again in your magazine letters from those gentlemen enthusiasts from India, Japan, China, and especially Dr. Ricardo M. Aleman of Havana, Cuba. This gentleman, to whom the French word Savant surely applies, is always interesting and can if he wishes to, supply A-1 information on records, artists, etc. Wishing you continued success in your well chosen endeavors.

New York City, N. Y.

D. J. LONEY

## Music for Children

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Relative to the frequent references to records for children that have appeared in your pages, and in reply particularly to the letter from "Pater Familias" in your June issue, I should like to add my voice to those who believe in the inherent soundness of small children's musical tastes. I am a confirmed sceptic where the nursery ditties and "songs for children" are concerned. The milk and water that is served up in the guise of music in most public schools and by all too many private teachers has done far more to retard the progress of music in this country than jazz. It is idle to cry out against the wickedness of jazz, when jazz is infinitely more attractive than the type of music that is fed to most children. Naturally the youngster turns with relief from the nauseating sentiment of "Dancing Dryads" and "Babbling Brooks," beside which even the most mawkish theme-song has some good qualities.

No, "Pater Familias" has the right idea. If the appeal of Irving Berlin is to be resisted, it will have to be by exerting a stronger counter-appeal. The way of education in music is not that so commonly accepted of beginning with the "understandable" and very simple. It is by hearing the best—and only the best—from the very first. I have no patience with those who fear to play a Beethoven Symphony or Quartet to a young child who "couldn't understand it." Bosh! The child's mind is less befuddled with irrelevant quasi-musical considerations, it is closer at heart to Beethoven's feelings than most adults; it is likely to "understand" the music far better: rather to feel the music far more keenly. Naturally the music has no association with the passions and tragedy of life that give it such unbounded significance for the matured person, but may it not be true that the elimination of such factors gives the works a more purely and strictly musical appeal to the child? In other words, the child is able to make the return to the days of musical innocence of Mozart and Scarlatti and Haydn that has become increasingly difficult or actually impossible for the adult.

Consequently I play none of the accepted children's records to my children. For the younger children I try to search out folk songs, but the ordinary classical and modern works are played constantly. Some of the unusual or novelty records, like the Indian music in the Victor educational list appeals to them very strongly. Also they like to dance to the folk dance records in the same series, although in these the tune is repeated so often without variation or development that it quickly becomes exceedingly tiresome. Paul Robeson is a prime favorite, also the almost unknown Carl Sandburg record that came out some years ago, although in the latter case the fact that a couple of the children had heard him once in person may have had some effect. I am not ashamed to confess that I frequently play them (or let them play) some of the hill billy and cowboy ballads. These may have a pretty low musical content, but they satisfy the fundamental human craving for balladry. In addition, many of them are done in very amusing style, jovial or lugubrious as it may be, but still highly individual and catchy.

In the main I try to correlate the children's other musical experiences with records. That is I get discs of the piano and violin pieces they are studying, or records by the various artists they hear in concert—the English Singers, Segovia, various Negro ensembles, the Russian Symphonic Choir (a great favorite of theirs both in concert and on records), etc.

It is my contention that when the child has access to plenty of good music the bad will have no effect upon his taste. It is only when there are no criteria upon which to form his tastes that he is satisfied with the "shoddy, popular and cheap."

I hope that every family man interested in the progress of music in general as well as in relation to his own children will insist on choosing music teachers that are alive to the significance of the phonograph as your correspondent, Mr. Brewsagh of Wisconsin, is. The teacher who thinks that he doesn't stand in need of the phonograph and records is marching complacently, but he is out of step with the leaders.

Incidentally, I was delighted to see someone come out so boldly and say that there is more music in Don Giovanni or The Marriage of Figaro than in all the Verdis and Puccinis in the universe. I have noticed myself that my Mozart records are the most played and still the freshest of my entire collection. There is real musical satisfaction for everyone,

young or old. The child or man who is content with music of the artistic level of most pieces and songs "for children" can remain so only if he has never opened his ears to hear the real thing. No one who really knows one piece of Mozart or Bach or Beethoven or Brahms is ever going to be satisfied with the tenth-rate again.  
Lake Placid, N. Y.

D. H. D.

## Mozart's Serenade For 13 Wind Instruments

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

In a "Re-Review" by R. D. Darrell, in your issue for February 1930, page 152, second column, end of the first paragraph, there is referred to "Mozart's Serenade for thirteen wind instruments. . . recorded by Parlophone." I cannot find this record listed in Parlophone catalogues or supplements, and shall be grateful for any more detailed information you can give me about it.

Cambridge, Mass.

K. B. M.

NOTE: The work in question was issued by the Parlophone Company in France, on records 57071 and 57072. The composition is Mozart's Serenade, No. 10, B major, and it is performed by "Artists of the Berlin State Opera House." I have not been able to find it in either German or British Parlophone catalogues, so I imagine that it can be obtained at present only in France. Perhaps one of the magazine's readers is familiar with these disks and can furnish some additional information.

## "Rio Grande" and Symphonic Jazz

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I was glad to see a correspondent to your last issue paying tribute to Constant Lambert's "Rio Grande." I could have wished for more detail, however, since the average concert goer in this country is quite ignorant of the work of Lambert, William Walton, Lord Berners, and the younger generation of British composers in general.

This school's most important works, "Rio Grande" and "Facade" are now both recorded, the former by English Columbia and the latter by the Decca Company. It is exceedingly interesting to compare these works with those of the younger French school and also with the somewhat immature attempts with symphonic jazz in this country. Despite the greater ease and surety of the Frenchmen, and the oftentimes penetrating wit and polish of their writing, the English works strike me as having vastly more real humor, to say nothing of musical blood and muscle. Walton's "Portsmouth Point" Overture (recorded by the highly progressive Decca Company) is a tremendously lusty and rollicking piece of music, while his piano concerto (or Symphonie Concertante as I believe it is called) a more sensitive work without lacking the overture's magnificent vitality.

Beside the glowing color and exuberance of "Rio Grande," with its cleverly knit structure and its moments of true poetry, the best attempts of Gershwin, Janssen, Grofé et al, sound very juvenile and undigested. I am a strong believer in the possibilities of sublimated jazz, but not even Gershwin has succeeded in evolving the new idiom yet. Lambert, who is accused in England of jazziness, does not employ real jazz at all, but his work has the high and unrestrained spirit that gave birth to jazz. I cannot understand why "Rio Grande" and "Facade" should remain practically unheard in this country, when our conductors put such unhappy miscegenations as Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" and Gruenberg's "Jazz Suite" on their programs. Beside these labored and fulsome efforts, the most ingenious of the popular writers' striving for symphonic jazz are infinitely preferable. Unless a composer has enough vitality and skill to work out a personal idiom, as Lambert and Walton have done, he cannot complete with the real jazz, as exemplified by such master artists as Trumbauer, Venuiti, Lang, Mole, Nichols, Hines, Ellington Armstrong, et al. Try to transplant jazz and you reap a very barren harvest. Try to catch its animating spirit and you have a "Facade."

American composers could profit by the example of Lambert and Walton, and American concert goers as well. I hope their records go well over here.  
Hempstead, L. I.

S. D. P.

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Now Arthur Rubinstein has recorded it in London and Victor presents it in album form for your approval. You will remember this artist's American tour a few seasons ago. The orchestra is The London Symphony under that most superb conductor and recording artist, Albert Coates.

Rubinstein's international reputation partly rests on his authoritative interpretation of Brahms, not a little on his playing of the CONCERTO IN B FLAT MAJOR. The brilliance and versatility of the Polish pianist could scarcely show to better advantage. Yet you have never heard a performance further from a mere display of virtuosity . . . seldom have the emotional values of this concerto been encompassed in more musicianly interpretation.

The music is charming, lucid, stirring. There are four movements. The third begins with a slow, brooding

melody introduced by the 'cello, later taken up by the piano . . . a passage that is one of the most moving the writer has ever heard. The fourth moves swiftly in dance tempo and brings up to you the picture of a jolly, but vital peasant scene . . . This recording would bear a lot of talking about . . . but hear it and judge for yourself!

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recording artist better equipped to put it for you on balanced, masterly records than the gifted conductor, Piero Coppola.

IBERIA, in three parts, requires five record sides. The first part, *In the Streets and By-Ways*, is a musical account of impressions of village life. You hear the music of the dancers, performing to the rhythmic beat of castanets. The second part is appropriately called *Odors of the Night* . . . the mysteriously vague music is descriptive of a warm summer night. The heavy fragrance of flowers fills the air. The effect of the third part is suggested by its title, *The Morning of a Fête Day* . . . the composer becomes gay, and you think of the town getting ready for a holiday celebration. The sixth record side is Debussy's piano piece, *L'Isle Joyeuse*, arranged for orchestra by Bernardino Molinari, well-known in America as guest conductor during recent seasons.

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(Feb., 1930, page 167)

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## Pioneer Newspaper Record Reviews

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Several items in your May number call for comment. First let me say how sorry I am to hear of Mr. Johnson's misfortune, and I trust that his health will soon be restored. He and Compton Mackenzie have done a great deal for gramophiles.

I too, like apparently a great number of your readers, wish to congratulate "Observer" on his articles. In the last one he refers to publicity in the newspapers, as do you in your editorial, and the Editor of Disques in the April number. So far as I can learn I believe that the Manitoba Free Press, and the Saskatoon Star-Phoenix were the first newspapers in America to run a serious and regular review of records. This feature which I originated and which I still run, has appeared every two weeks since November 1928. The criticisms which are done by Mr. L. T. S. Norris-Elye, and Mr. Ernest Mettrep have received much favorable comment. This same review has appeared regularly since last September in the Regina Post, and appeared for a time in the Calgary Herald. I have had a great deal of correspondence with other papers all over Canada, but have been unable to get any others to run the review. With the increased interest due to Mr. Gilman's article perhaps I will have better luck in the near future. The Saskatoon Star-Phoenix have been very generous with space and headlines. The Free Press lately asked me to cut the column to about half, due to lack of space in their music page. If these papers were the first to run regular reviews (I know reviews were tried here, and probably in many other places before, but were soon dropped) then I believe that considerable honour is due them. One of the eastern papers to whom I wrote, replied that while they thought my reviews was well done they had lately started one of their own. This is a sample: "Air des Bijoux" and "Le Roi de Thule"—Elizabeth Rethberg:—"This delightful soprano sings two perfectly swell songs from Faust. We don't know anything about Miss Rethberg but she does know how to handle a lovely voice." What do you think of that?

A correspondent asks with regard to "Mellotone" needles. A niece of the inventor lives within a stone throw of me, and has the sale rights I believe for America. We used these needles for a number of our concerts, and I used them exclusively for two months. The tone is very fine, away ahead of steel, but very little better than the Tungstone, and I found upon examining my records that the grooves showed a decided white mark. I was afraid of wear and stopped using them. At our last concert two weeks ago Mrs. Smith had a new "Mellotone" just sent out. It is the shape of an ordinary steel needle. Whether it is an improvement I do not know. I have tried the Colour needle as have many of my friends, and none of us like it. The point does not seem to stand up at all. We have tried it on many types of machines. I swear by the Tungstone. Have used them regularly for many years, and due to all the reviewing that is done on my machine, besides a great deal of playing for my own amusement, I have used hundreds. I have never noticed any sign of wear on any record, and the tone is superb. By the way with the "Mellotone" there is a decided increase in surface noise. To come back to the Tungstone, I have never with thousands of playings damaged a record by a turned point. It is just a case of being careful.

Winnipeg, Canada

S. J. CRAWLEY.

## The Eighth

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I am delighted to see that the entire recording of Beethoven's Eighth by the Vienna Philharmonic under Schalk has at last been made available under the Victor label (Educational series). But I cannot understand why this splendid work—by far the best of all Victor's Beethoven sets—should be excluded from the regular release lists and denied inclusion in the Masterpiece Series. Also the convenience of issue in album form.

The Eighth has been one of the most underestimated of all Beethoven's works. For me it contains far more musical pleasure than the over-ambitious Ninth. In the Eighth Beethoven did not try to span the heavens, he was content to keep his feet solidly on earth and to draw the full richness and potency of earth's vitality into his veins. Yet its

vigor and humor and abounding life are only matched by its moments of sheerest delicacy, and the admirable sensibility and surety with which the material is handled. I hope that the present records will bring the work to the wider audience it deserves.

I am delighted that such releases as this and the current Columbia "Eroica" and Mozart Violin Concerto indicate a return to honest forcefulness and vigor in recorded performances. There are certain limitations in recording, of course, but within those limitations it is still possible to infuse a performance with true animation. Too many readings, especially of works in the older repertory, have been exceedingly formalized and dry. If the phonograph is to widen its audience it must do so by evidencing life not the simulation of death. We get enough orthodox performances in the concert hall. Give us a little unconventionality and humor for a change!

Grand Rapids, Michigan

E. S. D.

## Tamagno vs. Caruso

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

Would you please tell me if Francesco Tamagno's old acoustical recording on Victor (long out of print) of "Di Quella Pisa" from "Il Trovatore" equals or even excels that of Enrico Caruso?

Hollywood, Calif.

JOHN E. STRAUB

Can some reader, who is acquainted with both recordings, answer Mr. Straub's inquiry?

## Scriabin Sonatas

EDITOR, PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW:

I have read your valuable article on the Russian records (January 1930 issue) with much interest and profit.

As to the records of Scriabin issued by Japanese Phonograph Society, these discs are to be found occasionally on the Japanese market, and if you want to obtain them, I would advise you better to write the following dealer:

PHONOGRAPH DEPARTMENT—CYTHERIA

1, 3-chome, Minami-nable-cho

Kyobashi-ku, Tokio.

I think price of them is quite reasonable.

Kami-osaki, Japan

JUNZABURO MORI

## José Mardones



José Mardones, the distinguished Spanish basso, is a recording veteran, having made a long series of discs—mostly of Spanish selections—for the Columbia Company. His most important phonographic achievement is his rôle in "Marina"—the first recorded Spanish opera—reviewed on page 350 of this issue. He is largely self-taught and has appeared with success with the Royal Theatre of Madrid, the Metropolitan Opera Company, etc.

# Analytical Notes and Reviews

## Strauss — Renaissance

STRAUSS: *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks*, Op. 28, played by the STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA, Berlin, conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS. BRUNSWICK 90044-5 (2 D12s, \$1.50 each).

STRAUSS: *Don Juan*, Op. 20, played by the STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA, Berlin, conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS. BRUNSWICK 90046-7 (2 D12s, \$1.50 each).

The Philharmonia miniature score of Richard Strauss' early symphony in F contains as frontispiece a picture of the composer in 1888, at the age of twenty-four, the time when he had just completed *Don Juan*, the first of the series of tone poems that was to rock European music to its foundation. It is a sensitive face, the face of a young man gifted far above the ordinary. It would be very easy to believe that it was the face of one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time, if it were not for the touch of petulance to the mouth. There is a touch of the softness, too, that later was to betray him.

Since those years, the golden years of *Don Juan*, Macbeth (a work never given due justice), the incomparable *Till*, *Tod und Verklärung*, etc., Strauss changed and music changed, but it was not he who changed it. Instead of the harbingers of a new era in music, his works were the fading reflections of the old. Fading, do I write? The word is ill-chosen, for oftentimes the last reflections are the most varicolored, the most mellow. It is so here, and despite their obvious deficiencies, principally that of the backbone that was lacking in the man himself, these works hold something for us—even today—that even Wagner and Brahms and the great names of the latter nineteenth century are without.

It is superbly ironical that the Richard Strauss who lives today should conduct the works of the Richard Strauss of 1888, and the results known as the "composer's versions." The term is justifiable, however, no matter how ironical. I don't know what was in Strauss' mind when he made these recordings, whether he endeavored to recapture the mind and feelings of the "young eagle" he was in the years these works were springing to his pen, or whether he merely attempted to "read" them with the keenest possible regard for their musical values as indicated in the score. At any rate, he has successfully accomplished the latter purpose, and partially the former. There are certain undefinable qualities of feeling, particularly in *Till*, that he misses—that any man of the 1930 Strauss' type must inevitably miss, but the letter of the music is there and more than a suggestion of the spirit.

Technically these are without question the finest recordings of the works. A hearing of the discs confirms the claim that unusual pains were taken with the performances. Their worst phonographic fault is the almost inevitable disregard of the subtler dynamic variations. The average dynamic level instead of being properly *mf* is an undeniable *f*. The strings lack something of silkiness and warmth, especially in *Till*, and in the same work one looks in vain for the blitheness of such passages as that marked "Leichtfertig" on page 58 of the miniature score.

But the rest is pure phonographic and musical pleasure. Sonority and intensity are matched with clarity and well poised balance. Gradually the concert hall effect of large orchestral works is becoming more and more closely approximated. There is not the sensational plangency here of some of Coates' and Stokowski's most startling achievements, but the recorded performance is more authentically rounded and approaches the ideal more closely as an entirety. Concert hall resonance is present in just the right amount to approach realism without involving the blurring echo that ruins so many powerfully amplified recordings. The parts are brought out much more cleanly than in any other recorded version. I particularly like the playing of the horn and brass choirs—a real pleasure to follow in the score. Strauss has his readings well planned and builds up his climaxes to excellent effect. On the whole, these are as satisfactory and as well-rounded performances as one could wish to hear.

It fascinates me to think of Strauss listening to these records and remembering the days when he was working on

the scores of *Don Juan* and *Till*. Writing *Till* must have been one of the supreme pleasures in all modern music. Strauss alone can know what Wagner felt in writing the prelude to *Die Meistersinger*. Perhaps even the phonographic rehearsal of those measures—surely to be ranked with the topmost flights of human imagination and creative vitality—must bring back even for a moment something of Strauss' lost youth. That dead genius can be glimpsed in the picture referred to, but to be seen clearly, one must look for it in flashes of *Don Juan* and in full clear light in *Till Eulenspiegel*. Perhaps the world demanded too much of Strauss, but it was he who gave the index of what might be expected from him. We should not be ungrateful. If he never wrote music again that was comparable with *Till*, at least *Till* remains—an imperishable monument.

## Brahms — Maturity

BRAHMS: *Sonata in D minor*, No. 3, for violin and piano, Op. 108, played by EFREM ZIMBALIST and HARRY KAUFMAN. COLUMBIA Masterworks Set No. 140 (3 D12s, Alb., \$6.00).

BRAHMS: *Concerto in B flat major*, No. 2, for piano and orchestra, Op. 83, played by ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN and the LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by ALBERT COATES. VICTOR Masterpiece Set M-80 (5 D12s, Alb., \$10.00).

The phonograph has triumphed more than once in the works of Brahms; steadily the recorded literature grows to include his most important works. It has not been child's play for either the recording artists or the technicians. Brahms, for all the broad vein of deep-lying Teutonic tenderness, was a muscular musician, who was unashamed to sweat over his works. Those who would play them (and especially for recording) cannot afford to be finicky. This music can stand playing in shirtsleeves. It demands toughness as well as sweetness. It stirs one with pleasure to think that modern phonography can meet the demands Brahms' music makes. We need it on discs, for as the repertory grows, a tendency to decadence is inevitable. A diet of Brahms counteracts the attraction of too many sweetmeats.

We already have a taste of the sonata, on the odd side of Szigeti's great reading of the violin concerto (still one of the most successful and Brahmsian recordings). I had hoped to hear Szigeti do the entire sonata, but Zimbalist rises bravely to the test. I have been disappointed with his recent recordings, cleverly pointed as they may be. Granting that commercialism demands playing encore pieces, I still feel that even with such slight material the significant artists can give at least an indication of their stature. One would never gather from Zimbalist's pot-boilers that he is a great musician as well as a clever fiddler. A hearing of the larger work lets us see him clearly. His performance here is a satisfying one. There is something of Szigeti's high-strung but beautifully restrained nervous vitality. The playing is strong, eager and surely confident. He gets the body of the music as well as its spirit. The latter is essential for life, but there is such a thing as saving the soul and losing the flesh. Brahms was of the earth, earthy, and not a disembodied spirit. This performance keeps the fact in mind. Add vigorous but not unwieldy recording, and a keen ear for details as well as the larger outlines, and you have a set of discs to be placed with the best in recorded chamber music.

Brahms published three works in this form: Op. 78 (G), 100 (A), and 108. The second ("Thun" sonata) was recorded some years ago by Seidel and Loesser for Columbia, one of the first electrical releases in the Masterworks series. I do not recall having seen a recording of the first sonata. For all the romantic and limpid beauty of the early pair, the third overtowers them in both stature and in richness of feeling, highly concentrated within firmly imposed limitations, but rich ore for the musical prospector who wants to participate in the composer's efforts. Listening may be music-making too, and here perhaps lies the secret of the phonograph's escape from a purely mechanistic rôle.

Voices have been crying in the wilderness for many years for the Brahms concertos on discs. The phonographic mills grind slowly by they too grind small. Here is the B flat work; the violin and violin-cello concertos are already out. The D minor piano work is sure to follow soon. It is a good thing such meaty morsels do not come too closely together. They require much mastication and digestion.

Critically considered, this set by Rubinstein and the London Symphony Orchestra can be taken to task on a number of points. Rubinstein is primarily a pianist of the type that succeeds best with the modern pianism of the French and Spanish schools. His dexterity and assurance are unquestionable, but his own agile grace occasionally seems to be more in his mind than the music at hand. The critics seem all to agree that Coates is not an ideal Brahms exponent. I have not yet seen a good reason advanced, however, nor am I able to suggest one. Perhaps it is because he catches Brahms' athleticism without his expansiveness. There is a certain tightness at moments here that is not characteristic of the composer or the piece. The recording copes well with the more sonorous and energetic moments of the music, but single lines and tone colors have a way of fading off into a strange drabness. The fault is very likely that of the pianist's tone rather than of the recording director.

But having relieved my conscience by making note of such demerits, I must add that detracted very little from my enjoyment of the work. There is nothing impeccable about Brahms' writing anyway. Frequently it is exceedingly cumbersome (although not here, as a matter of fact), but only the effete are seriously bothered. I have heard others play it better. Schnabel is perhaps the greatest for the solo part. Undoubtedly there will be another recorded version along sometime that will surpass this, but in the meantime there is too much good substance here to afford to wait on a shadow. Rubinstein and Coates have a will for the work. They handle it without gloves. I can hardly say it is a great performance, but it certainly is an exciting and a glowing one.

A booklet accompanies the album so notes on the music are hardly in order. For those unfamiliar with the work, I might say that it is quite different from the first concerto in both form and content. The angularity of the D minor work is replaced here by the glorious roundness and ripeness of Brahms' latter years when the "bitter cherries" had at last fully matured. Indeed it was written between the second and third symphonies, and not long after the violin concerto and first sonata, the two piano rhapsodies, and the Academic and Tragic overtures. Brahms explained the curious form of the work (the singularity lies in the allegro appassionato that follows the opening allegro) by the highly cryptic remark that the first movement had appeared to him to be too simple. What he meant has been beyond the comprehension of even his most indefatigable commentators, for surely the first movement is one of the most complex and highly developed of his entire works. The relationship of the piano and orchestra is not easy to grasp, but once one gets the music well in mind, it becomes more apparent and the scheme of thought is seen to be highly logical and highly ingenious. The second movement is almost equally rich in musical nutriment, and the moments of relaxation in purely intellectual thought lend it a charming piquancy. The slow movement with its eloquent solo 'cello (which is not played here as well as it might be), and the vivacious finale are more immediately understandable without of course falling into any sort of obviousness of appeal.

The movements fall very conveniently onto record sides: the first taking two discs, and the others one each. The impecunious phonophile or the timid soul who fights shy of Brahms' abstruseness might do well to sample one (any one) of the last three movements before launching out into the complete work. Once they know one movement they cannot rest content long without the others. It is impossible not to thrive on such food.

R. D. D.

Debussy's "Iberia" and "L'Île joyeuse," conducted by Piero Coppola (Victor Masterpiece Set M-77) did not arrive for review in this issue. Detailed comment on this set will appear next month.

## Die Meistersinger

IMPORTED

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg*—excerpts recorded during a performance by the BERLIN STATE OPERA COMPANY in 1928. (Available through the American Importers.) ELECTROLA (German Victor) EJ 277-86 (10 D12s).

(The references are to the piano transcription by Klindworth, in the Universal Edition.)

It seems strange that what is surely the most popular of Wagner's later operas, as well as the one which was first recorded "completely" under the old process, (on fourteen H. M. V. discs) should have to wait the longest for re-recording. Meanwhile, however, one can find great solace in this collection of excerpts, supplemented by one of the various versions of the overture, and a number of other stray bits not here included. In this set alone we are given more than one third of the score.

These records are particularly interesting as examples of actual performance recording. After hearing them, everyone must, I think, admit that great possibilities—as yet almost entirely neglected—lie along that path. The orchestra is excellently and very clearly reproduced, but there is an easily understandable difficulty with the solo voices: as a character moves about, the volume varies considerably, and where, as in the second act, some of the singers remain for long periods far back, they are practically inaudible. Could not this perhaps be solved by the placing of another microphone at the rear of the stage? There is also much less noise from entrances etc. than one might have feared. A final problem, however, is that of breaks between sides. No doubt there are considerable difficulties connected with this, but, nevertheless, I should think that by apportioning the music properly on paper beforehand, a skilled director, with careful attention to the score, might contrive more satisfactory divisions than are the rule here. One helpful practice is to make the end of one side, and the beginning of the next overlap somewhat, as occasionally these do. More research should surely be done along this line, for it must be confessed that there is a certain realism of *timbre* obtained from a filled hall which can be got in no other way. Also it should enable records so made to be sold more cheaply than those made at special performances.

The cast is not specified on the labels, but the *Sachs* is undoubtedly Friedrich Schorr, and the conductor almost equally certainly Dr. Blech. The rest of the performers are good, but not superlative.

ACT I: On EJ 277 (pp. 51-70) *David* presents his exposition of the Mastersinger's rules. His phrasing is light and he negotiates the *coloratura* difficulties in a fairly satisfactory manner. On the second side, after the *Lehrbuben* enter, during the "business" toward the back of the stage, the voices are distinguished with difficulty. EJ 278 (pp. 92-99) contains *Pogner's* Address, divided into two, although there is ample space for it on one side. The orchestra is in this case the outstanding feature, and the woodwinds in particular deserve praise. The microphone would seem to have been placed directly over that section, in order to reproduce so faithfully the sweetness of their tone. *Pogner's* singing is forced and shows a lack of ease.

ACT II. EJ 279 (pp. 190-201) gives us the short orchestral introduction, charmingly played, followed by the dance of the *Lehrbuben*, who are also to be given credit for their lightness. *Magdelene* who, fortunately, appears only for a moment, is very poor and one cannot understand a word she says. *David* too is sharp and shrill, due perhaps to faulty acoustics. From EJ 280 through 282 A, we have a continuous fragment of about sixty pages (pp. 262-c. 320), beginning just after the arrival of *Beckmesser* with his lute, and extending to near the end of the act where the townspeople begin to be awakened. The first record contains the *Schusterlied*, capitolly sung in an appropriately lusty manner, with a mixture of sly and roguish humour. *Eva* and *Walther*, hidden, behind the bushes, can rarely be heard but the loss is not important. On EJ 281 the clarity of the orchestra is again worthy of note. On the B side, *Beckmesser* commences his *Serenade*. While it is amusing on the stage—and in truth one cannot help laughing at this performance—it does seem that, where merely selections are being made, some of the musically more important passages

should have been chosen. As the singer turns from side to side his voice swells and fades in rather startling fashion. On the last side of this group (EJ 282 A) the Serenade is finished, bringing *David* with his cudgel and the first of the neighbours on the scene. The succeeding fugue perhaps requires careful grouping in a special phonograph performance, but I wish that they had taken a try at it here.

Act III. (EJ 282 B, 283 A—pp. 352-366) The record begins with the rise of the curtain on scene one. The charming scherzo figure of the preliminary music accompanying the entrance of *David* is accented in a thoroughly delightful manner. The second side contains *David's* chorale with, again, some excellent work on the part of the wood-winds. EJ 283 B, and 284 (pp. 433-453) is complete from the arrival of *Eva* to the knighting ceremony, and is musically among the most interesting, as well as most generally satisfying of the passages offered. *Eva's* voice is a trifle thin, but she uses it well. Particularly well sung and recorded is the stanza from the Preislied—it is only slightly marred by a slurring of enunciation in an attempt to present a smooth *legato*. It is the most successful that I have heard on records, however.

Scene II (EJ 285 A. pp. 468-485) The excerpt begins at the disclosure of the meadow outside the walls, and extends through the first measures of the Waltz. The choruses of the various Gilds are highly entertaining, but the trumpets on the stage are decidedly unpleasant from their tendency to waver and be out of tune. The "Wach' auf" Chor, on side B (pp. 491-498), is particularly interesting because of the fact that it has already been issued by Victor as performed by the same organization, thus giving a good basis for comparison between the merits of the two types of recording. This one begins several pages earlier, as the Mastersingers begin to arrive, and stops approximately at the end of the chorale proper. In the previous version the singing was a trifle more careful and polished, as is perhaps natural, and the chorus, especially in the treble, was decidedly more prominent. Although the present recording may favour the orchestra slightly too much for some, the balance is certainly far more nearly correct; for example, the prominent drum rolls at the first words and elsewhere cannot even have been played in the domestic recording, whereas they add greatly to the effect here. We now come to the finale of the opera—*Sach's* "Verachtet mir die Meister nicht" (EJ 286, pp. 559-569)—which is delivered in a fittingly broad and noble manner. In the contrapuntal orchestral accompaniment the several melodies are commendably clear and distinct. The closing choral section is almost overwhelming with its thundering drums, although the last bars are drowned by applause.

Altogether this is a collection of records which no true lover of Die Meistersinger can do without, although it will probably but whet his appetite for more.

ROBERT H. S. PHILLIPS

## Spanish Opera: *Marina*

ARRIETA: *Marina*, opera in three acts, by soloists, chorus, and COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. COLUMBIA (Spanish list) 67769-D to 67780 (12 D12s, Alb., \$24.00).

Marina (soprano)	Mercedes Capsir
Jorge (tenor)	Hipolito Lazaro
Roque (baritone)	Marcos Redondo
Pascual (bass)	José Mardones

Opera thrives in Spain in season; but the works presented there are principally by foreigners, as there are available few operas by Spanish composers. We find an analogous situation in the United States.

As may be supposed, Italian opera takes the lead, due to the large number of Italian works, the proximity of Spain to Italy, and the similarity in language and temperament of the two peoples. This taste for Italian lyrical art received a great impetus from the consort of Philip V, an Italian princess, who was eager to advance the music of her country. For a time, both Spanish and Italian works were presented; but after the arrival in Madrid of Carlos Broschi, a noted singer known as "il Farinelli," who was a great favorite with the Spanish king, the preference for Italian opera was so augmented that during the 18th century, and the beginning of

the 19th, Spanish dramatic music was almost entirely displaced.

Emilio Arrieta y Carera, the composer of *Marina*, reached the height of his activities at about this period, having been born at Puente de la Reina, Province of Navarre, Oct. 21, 1823. He received his musical education in Italy, where he went at the age of 15. He was awarded the first prize for composition at the Milan Conservatory; and while there he wrote his opera, "*Ildegonda*." This opera, and *Marina* are the two works by which he is best known today, although he wrote, in addition to cantatas and church music, over 50 zarzuelas.

Arrieta was fundamentally a Spanish master and an Italian composer. As a Spanish master he made use of popular songs to give the dramatic expression a native color; as an Italian composer, he joined to the zarzuela the musical quality that elevated it above mediocrity. Of him a Spanish author writes:

"The author of *Domino azul*, *El grumete*, and *Marina* has, at times, the voluptuousness of a bayadere; at others, he shows the charming coquetry of a lady of quality. . . . But voluptuous or coquettish, tender or passionate, he is always fine, always graceful, always elegant, always distinguished. Arrieta is never forced; his works are a mirror that reflects faithfully his art and his beliefs. He is always himself, and no other; he prefers to err through his convictions rather than clothe himself in the convictions of others. This reveals the inflexibility of his just and artistic conscience. His is the true Spanish comic opera."

The zarzuela is a form of musical play peculiar to Spain—a combination of musical comedy, revue, and burlesque. In its original form (*genero chico*) it consisted of one act based on some happening of everyday life. Its expanded form (*zarzuela grande*) had more than one act, and was similar to the Italian *operetta* or the French *opéra comique*. While not of much importance in some respects, the zarzuela has done much to perpetuate Spanish folk-lore, songs and dances. The foremost Spanish composers have written for it; and it is today an enormously popular form of stage entertainment.

It was as a two-act zarzuela, with a nautical theme, that Arrieta first wrote *Marina*, the words being by the Catalan poet, Francisco Camprodon y Safront. This version was first presented September 21, 1855. Several years later Enrique Tamberlick, a noted tenor of that period, urged the rewriting of the zarzuela in operatic form, which Arrieta finally decided to do. He delegated to Miguel Ramos Carrion, the distinguished dramatic poet, the task of writing additional lyrics, and revising those by Camprodon. In the new version, the entire second act was moved into the third, and new arias, duets, choruses, etc., were written, to expand the first act into two acts. In this form it received its first presentation March 16, 1871, (16 years after its production as a zarzuela), with Tamberlick singing the part of *Jorge*, and met with a triumphant success.

A comparison of the music of the later version with that of the older shows the progress made by Arrieta during the intervening years. The harmony is richer and more varied, the orchestration fuller, the melodies clear, tender, charming and expressive.

It is the three-act version which we find recorded on these records; and it is a most splendid achievement. The records have great volume, yet the musical timbre of the voices is retained to a marked degree, so that the beautiful qualities of Arrieta's music may be heard to advantage. This is especially true of the male voices, both solo and in chorus. In the aria for soprano and flute, however, the instrument seems to set up counter vibrations, and the effect is not pleasing.

In this opera there is little of the Andalusian flavor which most of us call the "Spanish idiom." Even the *sequidilla* lacks the *flamenco* quality with which it is usually associated. It must not be forgotten, however, that music from other sections of Spain also lacks the characteristics of that of Andalusia. The opera at times has an ecclesiastical quality; at others, the listener may fancy a resemblance to *Faust*. For the most part, however, the music is Arrieta's; and his originality is especially well displayed in the beautiful *No sabes to que yo tenia*. (67777) The quartet, *Seca tus lagrimas*; (67773) the barcarole, *Marinero, marinero*; (67774) and the drinking song, *A beber, a beber*, (67776-77) may also be specially called to attention.

It would be difficult to select a cast better qualified, by birth, talent, training, and experience, to sing this opera. The splendid tenor of Hipolito Lazaro, and the resonant bass and clear enunciation of José Mardones have been heard in the United States. Mercedes Capsir, soprano, and Marcos Redondo, baritone, while not known here, are favorites in Spain and Latin America. Each one gives a splendid performance.

While *Marina* (which has never been performed in America), is not of as great importance from an ethnical standpoint as some of the other Spanish operas, it is almost ideal as an introduction by phonograph to Spain's lyric drama. As such, and as a work of beauty, and an example of fine recording, it is sincerely recommended. W. S. MARSH

### The Argentine Opera

VICTOR (Spanish list) Masterpiece Set S-2. (3 D12s, Alb., \$5.00) BOERO: *El Matrero* (The Cunning One), sung by NENA JUAREZ, contralto; PEDRO MIRASSOU, tenor; APOLLO GRANFORTE, baritone; with the orchestra of TEATRO COLON, Buenos Aires, under the direction of HECTOR PANIZZA.

Although Argentina is usually considered a Spanish country, Spanish being its language, the Spaniards do not predominate, other nationalities being largely represented. Its capital, Buenos Aires, the center of things cultural, is famous for its opera; and Teatro Colon, the municipal theater, is one of the principal opera houses, with a large permanent staff of instrumentalists, singers, and dancers. Here have appeared the most noted operatic singers of the world.

As part of an effort to promote the music and musicians of Argentina, there were presented last season, by the directors of Teatro Colon, three operas by Argentine composers. Of these three, the one which was received with greatest enthusiasm, as being the most national in character, in music and in subject matter, was "El Matrero" (The Cunning One).

This opera is by the well-known Argentine composer, Felipe Boero, of Buenos Aires. The libretto, by Yamandú Rodríguez, the Uruguayan poet, is based on a legend originating with the primitive people of Uruguay. In this legend, "El Matrero" was originally a youthful hero, wise, strong, and courageous, who was wont to go galloping across the pampas. Imagination later gave him more the character of a mysterious brigand, possessing that charm which always accompanies wickedness.

Pontezuela, a country girl, hearing a bird's nest fall as she is returning home at dusk, believes it to be "El Matrero"; and this incident arouses a train of imagination which, in her girlish heart, develops into a deep love for the legendary hero. But her father, Don Liborio, has promised her in marriage to Pedro Cruz, a poet and minstrel, if he will give up the life of a troubador and settle down to work. However, Pontezuela, with her imaginative love ever growing stronger, has no use for Pedro. About this time, the laborers on the ranch, in order to find "El Matrero," set fire to the reed grass surrounding the estate. Pedro rushes out from the flames, bleeding and burned, is admitted to be "El Matrero" himself, and falls dead before Pontezuela—a sad awakening from her dream of love. Here are certainly the elements, in drama, romance and realism, for a good opera.

In listening to the music so excellently recorded on these three disks, what first impresses one is its melodic beauty. Those who seek the dissonance of modernism will listen in vain; for the national songs and dances, upon which this opera is based, are not so constructed. Each side of the three records contains attractive melodies, from Part 1, "La Media Cana" (almost entirely given to the orchestra which, after a brief vocal introduction, swings into a movement in triple time, in the form of a *pericon*, one of the national dances); to Part 6, a trio from the third act, in which comes the inevitable tragedy, and which ends with a lovely *andante religioso*.

The orchestra is conducted by Maestro Panizza, a technical director of Teatro Colon, who was born in Buenos Aires of Italian parents. He is a composer of operas himself, with a long experience as operatic conductor in various cities in Italy, England, and South America; and in these recordings he directs the orchestra with precision, and a full knowledge of operatic requirements. The singers are adequate for the various parts which they essay.

If there are those who have the impression that the music of Argentina consists entirely of tangos, these records will disabuse their minds of this idea. They are worthy a place in the library of all lovers of music and opera; and it is to be hoped that their sale will be large enough to encourage the recording of the works of more South American composers, of which there are many of brilliancy and talent, more especially in the field of instrumental composition. W. S. M.

### Erik Satie — Three Men in a Tub

*Gymnopédie No. 1* (orchestrated by Debussy), played by SEVITZKY. VICTOR 7252-B (fourth side of the Ravel *Boléro* the BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by SERGE KOUS-records).

*Trois Pièces Montées*, played by a symphony orchestra conducted by PIERRO CHAGNON. FRENCH COLUMBIA D-11016 (one side).

*Je te veux—Valse Lente*, played by JEAN WIENER, pianist. FRENCH COLUMBIA D-15005 (one side).

Satie is three different things: and these three records are an explication. If we remember his amusing but misleading whiskerage and remember that much of his reading was in Plato, Raymond Radiguet, and Hans Christian Anderson, we shall know enough to begin with. Satie was a comic in chords and a wit in scales: some of his music brings up a burden of self-applause and then, suddenly, crackles with self-mockery, a self-mockery which is at once the destruction and the bitter apotheosis of the subject in the music. Here we have the *Trois Pièces Montées*, the snickering, the grossly snickering ballet bits from Rabelais. (The first, by the way, represents *L'enfance de Pantagruel*; the second, *Marche de Cocagne*; and the third, *Jeunesse de Gargantua*.) It is not Rabelais, it is Satie thinking of Rabelais; it is Rabelais *in petto*, done with care, with delicacy, with malice; it is a little Rabelais, which exposes Rabelais. This is very serious stuff, an intensely arterial flow, but with the arteries a little hardened. The sonorities snap; the musicians are taut; the auditor has tough, athletic ears.

But Satie was sometimes lazy and took his laughter easily. We have the waltz, pure in tone, but of damnably impure inspiration, with the almost recondite title—*Je te veux*. This is a soft vapid love-piece, a piece of muffled mummery for the music hall. The air of *jeu d'esprit* in the ballet bits is not here. Satie deliberately resorts to the banal, perhaps, sinks into the vulgar for fun. Everything is candied. It is a lollipop this waltz, a very good all-day-sucker, worth about a nickel. The French poets of Satie's youth used to write poems like this, and because they knew what they were doing their poems were transformed from the banality in which they were born and became, if you thought about them while you were reading them, ironic commentaries. Satie does not quite do this perhaps, but this waltz is not bad music; the conventionalities of his harmony and melody, all that the ear recognizes as old hat, is a little twistetd, and is a little beautiful. May be Satie was trying to write popular music, first-rate music-hall; maybe there was no other conscious intention in the piece. If so, he did well. Good ears can listen to it, and good feet could dance to it.

So far we have only two thirds of Satie, and have kept the best till last: Debussy's orchestration of one of the *Gymnopédies*. Here we have the Greek Satie. As in the case of Rabelais it is not pure Greek but twentieth century French-Greek; the glory of this piece is not the glory of the dance of the naked Spartan youths, it is if you like the lesser glory, and what we really want from a man's music, the peculiar glory of a man's feelings given excellent form. In the *Gymnopédies* and in the Socrate there is the shyness and the sweetness of genuine competence, and there is the modest simplicity of mastery—very different, by the way, from the bravura simplicity of the tyro or the teacher. The form of these pieces, and the content, is like the wind. There is the bulk and firmness and at the same time the continuity in evanescence, the frailty of a created thing. And this is right; for it is music dealing with the wisdom of human flesh, and flesh approximating nature. Inspiration is in the breath, we should remember, and spirit in the wind; wisdom and spirit are no parts of things; they are the air of things, the music of things—when a musician conceives them. Here we may say that it is winged music and let it pass.

R. P. BLACKMUR

## ORCHESTRAL

SCHUBERT (arr. Cassado). *Concerto in A minor* adapted for 'cello and orchestra from the "Arpeggione" sonata, played by GASPER CASSADO and a symphony orchestra conducted by SIR HAMILTON HARTY. COLUMBIA Masterworks Set No. 139 (3 D12s, Alb., \$6.00).

Schubert composed a sonata for arpeggione for a musician named Schuster. In case you do not already know, the arpeggione was the result of a miscegnation of guitar and 'cello, and in spite of the heroic efforts of said Schuster to popularize the instrument, it was soon relegated to limbo. The sonata itself deserving of a better fate, was overlooked for half a century.

Cassado, a distinguished European 'cellist, has now adopted the work for 'cello and orchestra and has done it very cleverly indeed. It sounds like authentic Schubert. The music belongs to Schubert's later period and is by no means slight in content. All three movements are interesting, especially the brief, songful slow movement and the spirited, joyous finale which has both character and strength.

The performance is distinguished by a reading that is delicate and in good taste. Cassado proves to be a competent 'cellist with a full, rich tone. He plays the slow movement beautifully. Harty with a small orchestra provides a sympathetic accompaniment. For collectors of Schubertiana here is a delightful, unhackneyed work, a splendid recording for which we are grateful to Columbia.

(The sonata has been previously recorded by a small German company—Tri-Ergnon—in an arrangement for 'cello and piano played by Stegmann and Seidler-Winkler.) A. A. B.

DUKAS: *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* (3 parts), and LIADOW: *Baba Yaga* (1 part), played by the LAMOREUX ORCHESTRA, Paris, conducted by ALBERT WOLFF. BRUNSWICK 90048-9 (2 D12s, \$1.50 each).

Familiarity with Albert Wolff's performances deepens the impression made by his first Polydor recordings. Here is a conductor from whom much can be expected. These scherzos of Dukas and Liadow—one genially fantastic, the other more diabolically so—are apt material for him. To my mind his reading of the Sorcerer's Apprentice is the best recorded. It is keener and less romanticized than Gaubert's and better poised and proportioned than Toscanini's super-fleet performance. Wolff is a virtuoso, exulting in the crackling brilliance to which he can whip his men, but he keeps himself as well as the orchestra in close rein, and he has not yet fallen into the error that besets so many virtuosos—excessive contrasts. His suaver measures are not taken with exaggerated feeling in order to point the brilliance of the more dynamic moments. He has entered into the spirit of Goethe's poem and this Sorcerer's Apprentice is a very real one. The recording is excellent and this with the cleanness of Wolff's reading brings out the part writing and cross rhythms better than in any previous version. Liadow's little "tableau musical" after a popular Russian Fairy tale is done with the same alertness and vivacity. The story is that of a celebrated witch who was wont to fly through the skies in her magic mortar belaboring it with a pestle, and effacing her track through the air with that usual witchly appurtenance—a broom. "There is a rustle in the forest; the dead leaves crackle. . . ." The piece is exceedingly clever. There are touches of Moussorgsky, even of the Valkyries, but the music is material that is handled with freshness and very skillfully orchestrated. Wolff plays it with great gusto, from the shrill whistle with which the witch starts her flight to the sinister pianissimo shuddering of the ending.

ROSSINI: *Barber of Seville—Overture*, played by the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK conducted by ARTURO TOSCANINI. VICTOR 7255 (D12, \$2.00).

Chosen as the Victor Record-of-the-Month in the "great music" class. What can one say about Toscanini in music as ideally suited to his hand as Rossini's fine overture? Where else could one hope to here such immaculate attacks and releases, such trim phrasing, such metronomic precision free from all suggestion of the purely mechanical? The score is uncut, the recording is crisp and clean, and the Philharmonic-Symphony exhibits its best tone qualities (the horn solo on part 2 is particularly felicitous). One can scarcely ask for more.

CASELLA: *La Giara—Tarantella (Il chiodo)* and *Danza finale*, played by the MILAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA conducted by LORENZO MOLAJOLI.

Casella is a man of parts: Composer, conductor, pianist, propagandist, and critic. This is the first example of his work I have seen on records, although I expected the rhapsody Italia to precede it. *La Giara* (The Jar) is a ballet based on one of the Sicilian stories in Pirandello's "Terzetti" and was first given by the Swedish Ballet in 1924 in Paris. The composer states his aim to have been to compose "in obedience to the fundamental idea of uniting in a modern synthesis the style of the old Italian musical comedy (Neapolitan school, Rossini, Falstaff) with the elements of Italian folk-lore, more particularly the Sicilian." The story is a simple one. A rich farmer has an enormous oil jar of which he is inordinately proud. A piece is broken from the side and an old hunchback is ordered to mend it. He does so from the inside and when through discovers that he cannot come out through the mouth of the jar. The farmer refuses to allow the jar to be broken again. The prisoner takes it in good part, while the peasantry gather around, making merry at the spectacle, until the farmer can stand their noise no longer and sends the jar rolling down hill. It breaks and the hunchback is carried from the scene in triumph.

The orchestral suite drawn from the ballet has been played by most of the leading symphony orchestras and with Italia has proved to be one of Casella's most popular works. It consists of a Prelude and Sicilian folk-dance (Il chiodo)—the Tarantelle that is recorded here; Nocturne, Dance of Nela, Entrance of the Peasants, Brindisi, General Dance, and Finale. The *Danza finale* recorded here consists of the General Dance and Finale of the suite.

The music is vigorously rhythmized, insistently so at times in the manner of Stravinski, but the rhythmical schemes are much more obvious. There is frank tunefulness. Such "modernity" as the work may possess lies in the sometimes harshly dissonant treatment. For all Casella's association with the moderns, however, and his keen analytical studies of contemporary music, there is nothing at all startling or complex here. It is good dance music, appropriately matched to the folk-nature of the ballet, and Molajoli plays it with suitable energy.

RAVEL: *Pavanne pour une Infante défunte*, played by the ORCHESTRA OF THE CONCERTS COLONNE conducted by GABRIEL PIERNÉ. COLUMBIA G-67785-D (D12, \$1.50).

The little piece that first established Ravel's fame may be slight, but it is touched with a tenderness and restrained pathos that never marked his work again. Beneath the apparent formality of the pavanne's grave measures there flows a deep stream of feeling. Orchestral dress becomes it and the muffled sonorities and bitter-sweet strings and wind caught in this admirable performance reveal its qualities much better than the black and white tonal colors of the piano. Pierné plays it simply and well. The recording is excellent, displaying the well-blended tonal palette of the excellent Colonne orchestra. A disc to be thoroughly commended.

GOUNOD: *Faust—Ballet Music*, played by the ROYAL OPERA ORCHESTRA, Covent Garden, conducted by GEORGE W. BYNG. VICTOR 9646-7 (2 D12s, \$1.50 each).

Reviewed last month from the special Educational release. A rather methodical performance, but competent enough and fairly well recorded.

GOMES: *Il Guarany—Overture*, played by the ORCHESTRA OF LA SCALA THEATRE, Milan, conducted by LORENZO MOLAJOLI. COLUMBIA 50226-D (D12, \$1.25).

The label spells the composer's name with a final "z" instead of an "s", a common usage, but which I believe is less preferable. Antonio Carlos Gomes (1839-1896) was a Brazilian composer, best known by his operas of which *Il Guarany* (1870) was the most successful. This is the first orchestral recording of the overture; there is an arrangement for band played by Creator for Victor. It is a little old-fashioned, but it has plenty of animation and flourish,—qualities that Molajoli brings out with zest. The playing is spirited but none too meticulous and the recorded tone tends to coarseness. R. O. B.

## CHAMBER MUSIC

## Septet

BEETHOVEN: *Septet in E flat major*, op. 20, for violin, viola, clarinet, horn, bassoon, violoncello and doublebass. Played by members of the PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA OF MADRID, conducted PEREZ CASAS. VICTOR (Spanish list) Masterpiece Set S-3 (5 D12s, Alb., \$7.50).

- I. Adagio: Allegro con brio (parts 1 & 2)
- II. Adagio Cantabile (parts 3 & 4)
- III. Tempo di Menuetto (part 5)
- IV. Tema con Variazioni. Andante (parts 6 & 7)
- V. Scherzo: Allegro molto e vivace (part 8)
- VI. Rondo: Andante con moto, alla marcia: Presto. (parts 9 & 10).

This work just preceded the First Symphony, and indeed much of the writing sounds almost orchestral. Grove suggests that it was composed as early as 1797, but it was at any rate some time before 1800, when the first public presentation took place at a concert on April 2 of that year; there had been a previous hearing at Prince Schwarzenberg's. During Beethoven's lifetime it was always mentioned as among his best works, but, although he was very proud of it at this time, he came later to speak of it with scorn. The technique displayed in the writing for the various instruments is certainly unquestionable. The music is extremely pleasant and agreeable and the reason for its popularity is not difficult to see; it is perhaps best described by the term *Galanteriekunst*. One must not moreover, expect the exquisite beauty and delicacy of such a thing as the Mozart *Quintet for Wind Instruments*. And yet, because of its very freshness and immaturity of sentiment, I find it more attractive than some of the over-dramatic and emotional works of the middle period.

Very wisely, several of the extremely numerous repeats are omitted; viz., the exposition of the First Movement, both sections of the Third Variation, and less happily, the first section of the Scherzo.

The ensemble is certainly not first class, but I suppose that it would be foolish to expect many performers to compare with the players in the Mozart N. G. S. set. The violin is the most unsatisfactory in view of its importance. The tone is frequently wiry and hard, as on the second side of the *Adagio cantabile*. Nor is the intonation always quite certain. The bassoon consistently shows the grace notes (e. g. the beginning of the Second Movement). In the recording, the balance is pretty well preserved, and there are no grounds for the fear, so often expressed, that the violin may be dominated by the wood-winds, although it naturally does sound a little thin in juxtaposition with them. The 'cello and contrabass are rather retiring, however; this is often quite proper because of the unimportance of their parts, but occasionally where, as in the First Movement, they have the melody, they might stand out more clearly. The interpretation does not require any profound ability or insight and is on the whole quite satisfactory.

The first two movements are both in full sonata form. The *Adagio cantabile* overflows with a naïve sentiment, and is one of the most successful in this recording. There is a short cut of about ten bars in the recapitulation (beginning bar 96). One must mention a delightful motive for horn in the second section of the Trio of the *Menuetto*. The theme of the Variations bears a certain resemblance to the main subject in the above-mentioned movement. The Fourth itself is certainly the most uninteresting of the Septet; it is, moreover, strung out by a great deal of repetition. The depth of inanity is about reached in the Second Variation. The Scherzo is one of the most delightful of all. The *staccato* notes for the wind are crisply played. Some of the music for the violin is rather orchestral, and does not sound well on a single instrument. The last movement has an Introduction equal in seriousness to some of the later symphonies. A lack of sweetness and roundness in the violinist's tone is again shown in the *Cadenza*, the performance of which is otherwise satisfactory enough. As a whole this is the best section of the composition, brimming over with life and spirit. Yet is it here perhaps that the contrast with Mozart is most marked; whereas the Rondo of his *Quintet* imparts beauty, this possesses merely a pleasantly animated form and

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the indefinable elation arising from a perfectly proportioned movement, which leaves it far outside the company of the greatest music.

These records should certainly be soon issued in the domestic list, as their simple and transparent attractiveness cannot fail of a very wide appeal, and, as being an easy transition from the orchestra should make many more converts to the supposedly forbidding chamber music. R. H. S. P.

**Violin and Viola**

HANDEL (arr. Halvorsen): *Passacaglia*, played by ALBERT SAMMONS (violin) and LIONEL TERTIS (viola). COLUMBIA 67784-D (D12, \$2.00).

Handel's share of the music played here is the last movement of a suite for harpsichord (the seventh). Halvorsen elaborated it considerably, even to the extent of adding new material. "Indefensible!" cries the purist. Logically, yes. But when one listens to this splendid upstanding performance, struck out with such spirit and force by Sammons and Tertis one is pretty sure to forget all about purism and to cheer Mr. Halvorsen to the echo. Handel himself, in his day, was not slow in making use of other composer's material, nor was he always as careful as Halvorsen to give due credit. Halvorsen is no mean composer in his own right: witness the Entry of the Bojars. He is a violinist (as well as composer and conductor), and he has a fine sense of the possibilities of stringed instruments. The violin and viola parts are scored to give a maximum of sonority, which is well brought out by the muscular performance and the strong recording. There is no accompaniment nor is one needed. A highly invigorating work is to listen to, as well as an example of first rate paired fiddling.

**Violin and Piano**

BRAHMS: *Sonata in D minor*, No. 3 op. 108, played by EREM ZIMBALIST and HARRY KAUFMAN. COLUMBIA Masterworks set No. 140. (See special review on Page 348 of this issue.)

## OPERATIC

RICHARD STRAUSS: *Der Rosenkavalier*, Act. III: Trio—"Hab' mir's gelobt, ihn lieb zu haben" and Duo—"Ist ein Traum, gann nicht wirklich sein." Sung in German by ELISABETH OHMS, ADELE KERN and ELFRIEDE MARHERR, with orchestra conducted by JULIUS PRUWER. BRUNSWICK 90051 (D12, \$1.50).

These two numbers are from the finale of Act III of the opera, beginning as the Princess Werdenberg regards Oktavian with his new love, Sophie. It is a continuous excerpt, although about five words spoken by the Princess and Faninal on part two are omitted. Also, though I have not had an opportunity to see the score, I believe that this completely filled side does not give the purely orchestral ending during which the Page returns for the handkerchief.

Elisabeth Ohms, who sings the part of the Marschallin, is the new German soprano at the Metropolitan. She gives an excellent account of herself here, although one cannot say definitely how she would be in more dramatic rôles. There is a splendid orchestral foundation throughout, which is greatly to be commended. The Trio is an outstanding example of sustained *legato* singing, in which the three female voices are very clearly differentiated.

The music is a closely-knit and rhapsodic web, contrapuntal in nature, of which all the voices combine to produce an effect of extraordinary richness and ecstasy. At first, the duet almost verges on the trivial, but at the very end there is a beautifully executed passage for soprano and contralto.

This is certainly one of the outstanding operatic discs of the year, in many ways. Brunswick has a great mine of such Polydor treasures to draw upon, and they have begun most auspiciously. It is ardently to be hoped that we shall soon have more from this gay and fascinating drama, performed and recorded in like superlative fashion.

WAGNER: *Die Meistersinger*, Pogner's Address—"Nun hört, und versteht mich recht" and DIE GOTTERDÄMMERUNG, Hagen's Watch—"Hier sitz' ich zur Wacht." Sung in German by IVAR ANDRESEN, with orchestra. COLUMBIA 50223-D (D12, \$1.25).

It seems a little odd to have chosen such a *basso profundo* for the part of Sachs. The tempo in general seems a little fast, and the singing seems to lack somewhat of the romantic warmth proper to the music. The orchestra is far too much in the background. Andréson is best in the broader phrases, but his voice strikes me as a trifle harsh.

The grim music of the scene outside the Hall of the Gibichung, from *Die Götterdämmerung*, is done splendidly. Andréson is here in excellent form and perfectly cast. His magnificent voice is carefully controlled and so intelligently employed as to gain the maximum of effect from the first. The orchestra likewise is much better and really fulfills very adequately the position allotted it in the Wagnerian drama. In fact, this would be hard to surpass, and can be heartily recommended for this side alone.

DONIZETTI: *Don Pasquale*, *Coro dei Servitori*, and LEONCAVALLO: *I Pagliacci*, *Coro delle Campanie*. Sung in Italian by the CHORUS of LA SCALA THEATRE, Milan, with orchestra. COLUMBIA 50225-D (D12, \$1.25).

This is an exceptional operatic choral record—the finest I have heard in a long time. Recorded with excellent clarity and realism, the first selection is sung with exhilarating verve and brilliance. It is charming, sparkling music, and, judging from it, this comedy deserves more adequate representation.

Although not so interesting musically, the *Pagliacci* number has all the above good qualities. The orchestra, in particular, is unusually clear and brilliant, without being over-prominent; the English horn is especially good.

BALFE: *Bohemian Girl*—*Vocal Gems*. Sung in English by MIRIAM LICETTE, FRANK RUSSELL, DENNIS NOBLE, HARRY BRINDLE, with chorus and orchestra. COLUMBIA 50228-D (D2, \$1.25).

The selections include Happy and Light, I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls, When Other Lips, Silence Chorus,

The Heart Bowed Down, Thou Who in Might Supreme, In the Gypsy's Life. The performance is done in routine fashion, but with considerable feeling, so much so indeed as occasionally to border on affectation. R. H. S. P.

## SONGS

HERBERT: *Moonbeams* (from "The Red Mill"), and FRIML: *L'Amour—Toujours—L'Amour*, sung by JESSICA DRAGONETTE with orchestral accompaniments. BRUNSWICK 4702 (D10, 75c).

Miss Dragonette's operetta recordings have often been praised in these columns, but again it is impossible to resist commending the warmly colored voice, the unaffected diction, the simple graceful manner, and the effortless delivery. Even in Friml's highly sentimental piece, with its overtones of The Rosary, Miss Dragonette is able to keep the music from slopping over, while the Herbert air—a pretty little tune—is done delightfully. The accompanying orchestra gives good support.

SCHUMAN: *Mondnacht* and *Wanderlied*, sung by ALEXANDER KIPNIS with piano accompaniments by ARTHUR BERGH. COLUMBIA 2202-D (D0, 75c).

Some of Kipnis's lieder performances give the impression that even this admirable artist cannot overcome the handicap a bass labors under for this type of singing. Yet Schumann's delicately drawn little tone picture, *Moonlight*, is so exquisitely done here that one's doubts are completely set at rest. The grace and sweetness of the music are matched so happily by the perfectly controlled strength and manly tenderness of the singing that one could not ask for a more musicianly or a more Schumannesque performance. After such restraint the blustering *Wanderlied* sounds more than a little uncouth for all its fine buoyant spirit, and Kipnis himself tends to shout a little too lustily.

SCOTCH FOLK SONG: *Jock O'Hazeldean* and HARRISON: *In the Gloaming*, sung by MARY GARDEN with organ accompaniments by DR. ALEXANDER RUSSELL. VICTOR 7254 (D12, \$2.00).

After the superb Garden disc of a few months ago, one approaches this record of so-called heart songs rather dubiously. But Jock O'Hazeldean wins one over at a single hearing. Sentimental to the core, of course, but touchingly simple in its pathos and sung with an unforced beauty of tone and style that are very moving. The quaint little loop in the melodic line that is the characteristic feature of the song is extremely haunting. In the *Gloaming* is sentiment of a more tutored sort. Miss Garden keeps its emotionalism well in check, which is perhaps all that one can ask. The organ accompaniments (played on the Wanamaker organ of New York) are well subdued.

BICCI: *E canta il grillo* (from "Tizianello"), and COSTA: *Sei morta ne la vita mia!*, sung by TITTA RUFFO with orchestral accompaniments. VICTOR 1460 (D10, \$1.50).

Ruffo's name appears all too infrequently on record release lists. These characteristic Italian songs give him good opportunity to display his vocal talents, while both are free from the emotional extravagance that is so likely to mark their type. The *Tizianello* air is a somewhat self-conscious Pastoral, with much bird imitation and rustic piping in the accompaniment, but Ruffo sings it with well restrained sonority. The other piece is broader and more dramatic. In both the voice is well recorded.

TOSTI: *Ideale* and *Marechiaro*, sung by TITO SCHIPA with orchestral accompaniments. VICTOR 1461 (D10, \$1.50).

There is a refreshing openness and exuberance to Schipa's best singing that accounts more than anything else for the extraordinary range of his appeal. I was not surprised to read in Mr. Piper's article in the last issue of the P. M. R. that in broadcasting records he discovered that Schipa invariably went over, no matter what he sings. This current releases is one of his best discs and one of the best Tosti couplings as well. The selections are well chosen, the swinging lyri-

cism of Ideale contrasting neatly with the pointed vivacity and semi-exoticism of Marechiare—which, by the way, is a very effective song.

CHOPIN (arr. Litvinne): *Etude in E major*, and MARTINI: *Plaisir d'Amour*, sung by NINA KOSHETZ with piano accompaniment by PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ in the former and orchestral accompaniment in the latter. VICTOR (International list) 9675 (D12, \$2.00).

The rare Koshetz releases are for me one of the most highly anticipated treats in vocal recordings. Perhaps it is as well they are as infrequent. Probably even Mme. Koshetz would not be able to maintain so lofty a standard of excellence if she were to record every month. The rumored Moussorgsky songs are still unannounced, but Litvinne's vocalized arrangement of Chopin's *Etude in E* (No. 3 in Op. 10) tides over to the day when the long-anticipated and badly needed Moussorgsky works will at last be available. The *étude* is the one sung by artists of the *Chauve-Souris* on a recent Columbia release. The solo version is the more effective, and listening to the long, slow melodic line here—colored with Mme. Koshetz's magnificent tone—one cannot wonder that Chopin himself should have considered this the most beautiful melody he ever penned. (The *agitato* middle section of the *étude* as a piano piece is of course omitted in the song version.) The Martini song is much slighter stuff, and yet the curious Hawaiian turn to its melody and the grave sweetness of the singing here give it a merit far in excess of that the song actually possesses. Or am I simply mesmerized by the singing? Its charm certainly is hypnotic, but I seriously doubt if any lover of fine firm tone and restrained yet grandly mannered singing can resist it any better than I can.

SCHUBERT: *Der Erlkoenig* and *Der Wanderer*, sung by HANS DUHAN with piano accompaniments by PROF. FERDINAND FOLL. VICTOR (International list) 9673 (D12, \$2.00).

The Schubert festival in 1928 give rise to the recording of several of the complete Schubert song cycles by the Czechoslovakian H. M. V. Company. Die *Schöne Müllerin*, Die *Winterreise*, and *Schawengesang* were the three done, and the singer was Hans Duhan, accompanied by Professor Ferdinand Foll. Duhan is a Viennese and noted for his Mozartian operatic rôles as well as his lieder singing. He is a light baritone with a voice of considerable range. His singing is sturdy and free from affectation. He sings with a good open tone and has a good grip on the mood of the songs, perhaps without as great an insight into their subtler beauties as some of the greatest lieder singers. His enunciation is good and has a good sense of the dramatic qualities of the songs. Inasmuch as recordings are not generally available in this country of the entire three cycles, it is unfortunate that Duhan's albums are not more widely known. Perhaps this current re-pressings of two of the most familiar Schubert songs, *Der Erlkönig* and *Der Wanderer* (both separate from the cycles named above) will help to make him better known here. Both are good musicianly performances, not exceptional perhaps, but thoroughly commendable. The recording and accompaniments are good.

FABINI: *Luz Mala*, and RENGIFO: *El Secreto*, sung by SOFIA DEL CAMPO with piano accompaniments. VICTOR (Spanish Export List) 9483 (D12, \$1.50).

I am sorry that this interesting disc arrived too late in the month to permit research for details concerning the songs. I am unable to find Rengifo's name in either Pratt's *New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians* or Mr. W. S. Marsh's *Musical Spain* from A to Z. I imagine he is a South American composer. His *cancion* is a lively, good-humored piece, brightly rhythmed, and done with the appropriate zest and touch of coyness by Miss Del Campo. *Luz Mala* is more significant, and while it does not have the sweep of the pampas and the exotic fragrance of the tone-poems, Campo and *Isla de Los Ceibos*, issued by Victor several years ago, it is worthy of the composer of these splendid works. The style is less Spanish-American than it is French, yet as in the tone poems there is the unmistakable touch of an original personality. The song is cameo-like in the delicacy and sureness of its outline, and it is sung with a gentleness that is very moving. Contrary to the label the accompaniments are pianistic, not orchestral.

## ANTHEMS

HARRY ROWE SHELLY: *The King of Love My Shepherd Is and Saviour*, *When Night Involves the Skies*, sung by the TRINITY CHOIR; baritone soloist, ELIOTT SHAW; organ accompaniments by MARK ANDREWS. VICTOR 36011 (D12, \$1.25).

Conventional anthems done in devotional, but not too fervid fashion, and well recorded. O. C. O.

## INSTRUMENTAL

### Piano

CHOPIN: *Preludes in B minor and G major* (Op. 28, Nos. 6 and 3), and MENDELSSOHN: *Prelude in E minor* (Op. 35, No. 1), played by VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN. VICTOR 1459 (D10, \$1.50).

The garrulous, eccentric, sensitive old wizard of the keyboard still lives, but he makes few records now. This appeared in England last fall and is probably one of his last recordings. There are a few of the irrepressible De Pachmann remarks caught by the microphone before the Mendelssohn piece is begun. They are uttered in a low, rather querulous voice, and apparently directed at some way away from the microphone, rather than intended for the future audience of the disc. I can't make them out well enough even to determine what language he is speaking. The playing of the familiar brief Chopin preludes reveals the old sorcery, but is it not ever so slightly dimmed by time? There is not the almost inexpressible delicacy to the prelude in B minor that I remember in his concert performances, and the rippling bass figure of the prelude in G is a little blurred in the pedalling. The Mendelssohn prelude reminds me strongly of Schumann's great *fantasiestück*, *In der Nacht*, but it lacks the latter's passionate eloquence. The piano tone varies in excellence. It is not invariably as fine as that we used to expect from De Pachmann. Nevertheless, the disc is of keen interest to every pianist and collector of piano records.

SCRIABIN: *PRELUDE* (Op. 11, No. 10) and *Etude in D flat* (Op. 3, No. 12), and DE FALLA: *Ritual Fire Dance* (from "El Amor Brujo"), played by ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY. BRUNSWICK 90050 (D12, \$1.50).

Brunswick is not confining its attention only to outstanding orchestral recordings from Europe. Brailowsky's *Polydor* series is already well-known and liked among imported disc collectors, and Brunswick does well to give it more general circulation. The recording is powerful and impressive. Brailowsky makes the *Ritual Fire Dance* very sinister and effective, a much heavier reading than that by Myra Hess, and while perhaps a bit more obvious, it is undeniably more dramatic. The prelude is one of the best of Scriabin's early works. Its convincing delineation of a single mood, and its imperious and passionate nobility are worthy of Chopin at his best. The *étude* also has a Chopinesque storminess and passion, but its fury is empty. There is a touch of melodrama to Brailowsky's readings, but their plangency and dramatic force is quite remarkable on records.

### Violin

SUK: *Burleska*, and GLINKA (arr. Zimbalist): *Persian Song*, played by EFREM ZIMBALIST with piano accompaniments by EMANUEL BEY. COLUMBIA 2191-D (D10, 75c).

Perhaps the most effective of Zimbalist's smaller releases. The *Burleska* is a brisk little piece, done with considerable vivacity, and commendable recording, particularly of the pizzicatos. Zimbalist's own florid arabesques on Glinka's *Persian Song* strike me as rather affected, but it has always been one of his most popular numbers. The long-drawn-out passages in harmonics are superbly played and recorded. If only such virtuosity were a trifle less self-conscious! However, that consideration will probably bother very few, while everyone will like the sprightly Suk piece.

CORTI: *Grave*, and DRDLA, *Souvenir*, played by YELLY D' ARANYI with piano accompaniments by ARTHUR BERGH. COLUMBIA 2203-D (D10, 75c).

This is the best recorded exposition of Miss D'Aranyi's tone that I have heard. Her violin tone is thin-spun but never brittle. Unless the recording is just right it is liable to sound wiry, but here it is exquisitely rounded and intense. The inevitable *Souvenir* is taken with a little more animation of feeling than one usually hears it. The Corti *Grave*, a slow expressive melody, reveals the vibrancy and warmth of the playing more effectively.

MOZART (arr. Kreisler): *Rondo*, and BOROWSKI: *Adoration*, played by RENEE CHEMET with piano accompaniments by ANCA SEIDLOVA. VICTOR 7253 (D12, \$2.00).

Correspondents to the magazine have accused me of harshness in commenting on Miss Chemet's releases. Perhaps I have been, but not for the reason advanced,—that she has recorded only salon and popular works lately. Kreisler also records salon music,—but with a difference, for in his case, no matter what the music may be, the treatment is invariably distinguished and musicianly. Miss Chemet often falls into the error of suiting her reading as well as her choice of selection to what is usually considered popular taste. However, that is fortunately not true in the *Rondo*, where she plays with a virtuoso flourish and an electrical thin-spun tone that are in sharp contrast with the over-lush lyricism of some of her other releases. Mozart is more or less submerged in Kreisler (the elaborate cadenzas make the piece rather top-heavy), but there is good opportunity for vivacious fiddling and Miss Chemet tosses it off with the proper verve. The song without words on the other side is by Felix Borowski, the Chicago music critic and composer. Its title gives accurate index to its content.

### Viola

BRAHMS (arr. Tertis): *Love Song* (Minnelied), and OLD IRISH AIR: *Londonderry Air*, played by LIONEL TERTIS with piano accompaniments. COLUMBIA 2192-D (D10, 75c).

Hearing this disc purely as a sensuous experience is one of the phonographic thrills of the month. Never have I heard Tertis' incomparable tone so rich and broad, caught by the recording in its full sonority, yet undistorted. Undoubtedly it is amplified beyond its natural concert hall breath, but as long as there is no distortion and the dark viola tone qualities are unfalsified, who is to complain? And the sheer tonal richness of the disk is matched by its musicianly qualities. For once the *Londonderry Air* moves surely forward instead of dragging, while the *Minnelied*—with its breath-catching soaring melody—is to be compared only with the finest lieder "singing" available on discs. Never for an instant does the melodic line of either piece slacken or lose its firm, beautifully rounded fullness. There is a haunting quality to these performances that can be found in only the rare few of their type. One cannot hear them too often. Both end with an irresistible "Da Capo!" in the air. I know of no other disk of transcriptions that I can commend so unreservedly, nor of few recordings of any instrument that are as likely to find an appreciative and discriminative favor.

### Flute

DOPPLER: *Hungarian Pastoral Fantastic*, and BRICCIALLI (arr.): *Carnival of Venice*, played by JOHN AMADIO accompanied by an orchestra under GEORGE BYNG. VICTOR 9695 (D12, \$1.50).

Amadio is one of the best British flutists. He has made a number of recordings for H. M. V., including a Mozart flute concerto, but until the present Victor release he has been known in America only by his concert appearances with his wife, Florence Austral. A consummate technician, he plays these show pieces with a disarming absence of showmanship, stressing to the full such purely musical qualities as they do possess. The recording of the lower register at the beginning of the Doppler piece is particularly effective and the fine pianissimos on this side are also noteworthy. The flute tone is somewhat less pleasingly captured in the more brilliant passages in the upper range, but it all comes off well, the accompaniments are well handled, and the pieces give an excellent idea of the instrument's capabilities in the hands of a virtuoso.

R. O. B.

## POPULAR

### Medleys from the Films

The Brunswick medley series is augmented this month with hits from *Puttin' on the Ritz* and the *Vagabond King* (Brunswick 20098). The former is a spirited potpourri; the latter less striking. Both are played by the *Colonial Club* orchestra with vocalizations by *Ranny Weeks* and a male quartet.

### Song of the Flame

The *Victor Light Opera* company does its usual competent work in the two big hits from Gershwin's "Song of the Flame" (Victor 19954, ten-inch), issued in connection with the filmed appearance of that musical comedy. It might be well to draw attention to some remarkable recordings made when the "Song of the Flame" was originally produced as a stage show: *Song of the Field*, *Village Pines*, *Down the Mother Volga*, *Christmas Carol*, etc., sung by the Russian Art Choir, which took part in the original production. These discs were issued by Columbia, Nos. 677-D, 622-D, and 581-D, and are remarkable examples of Russian choral singing.

### Suite Orientale

Popy's flamboyant but well-turned fantasy, recorded in such sensational fashion by Dr. Weissmann for Odeon, is now available in briefer, less overwhelming version by *Marek Weber's* orchestra (Victor International list V-50022). Two pieces are played to the record side: *Les Bayaderes* and *Au Bord du Gange* on part 1; *Les Almées* and *Patrouille* on part 2. The playing is bright and supple, and the recording is vigorous although somewhat coarse. A competent version, if not as striking as the elaborate *tour de force* by Dr. Weissmann.

### Everybody Tap

The tap dance craze draws out new fuel from the *Victor Novelty* orchestra in the way of a skillful potpourri of good tapping tunes (arranged by Shilkret) and a waltz clog arrangement of Donaldson's *Daughter of Rosie O'Grady* (Victor 22386). The waltz is deftly done, but the potpourri—with a highly effective introduction of Foster's *Camptown Races*—is particularly sharply outlined and well paused, a piece that no tap dancer can afford to miss.

### Max Schmeling

The newly-crowned world's heavyweight champion is a man of considerable parts, if report be true. He is supposed to paint well, act, write,—indeed to possess all the accomplishments of a present-day boxer who follows in Tunney's footsteps. At any rate, Schmeling uncontestedly can sing, for Victor makes timely release of a record by him—*Boxerlied*, from "Liebe im Ring"—V-6071 in the German list. The song itself is a sturdy, mildly blustering lyric devoted to boxers' affairs of the heart, and Schmeling and a couple of seconds troll it out with spirit, if rather jerkily, and Schmeling distinguishes himself by remarkable clean-cut diction. On the other side the *Grosses Salonorchester* plays a martial *Der Treue Husar* march.

### Salon Syncopation

*Shilkret* and the *Victor Salon* orchestra abandon outright sentiment for a very cleverly type of discreetly animated salon pieces—*Syncopated Love Song* and *Mood in Blue* (Victor 22410)—combining quiet tunefulness with sprightly rhythmic life. The arrangements are not too elaborate and the blue note is well sounded. A touch of one of the Gershwin preludes for piano is apparent in the *Mood in Blue*.

### Male Quartets

The *Rollickers* and the *American Singers* both turn back to old styles in vocalizing. The former choose the sentimentality of Coates' *Bird Songs at Eventide* (with real twitterings) and Tipton's *A Spirit Flower* (Columbia 2204-D), while the American Singers turn to the more genuine sentiment of two favorites of the mauve decade—*On the Banks of the Wabash* and *Dear Old Girl* (Victor 22387). The latter disc has a very strong appeal. Other vocal ensembles include the *Happy Chappies*, doing light-hearted harmonizing, sprinkled with rather mildly amusing dialogue, in *Sunny California* and *When the Bloom is on the Sage* (Columbia 2194-D); and *Earl Burnett's Biltmore Trio* with its familiar close, blue warbling in a sad *You Will Come Back to Me* and a brighter *Where the Golden Daffodils Grow* (Brunswick 4825).

### Swing of the Kilts

The once highly popular rôle of Scottish singing comedian is now left to the almost uncontested ownership of *Sandy MacFarlane*, who indeed is by far the best to follow in *Lauder's* footsteps. His *Bonnie Heilan' Maggie* and *Wedding of Sandy McKie* (Columbia 2193-D) are characteristic of the skill with which he contrives his infectious tunes, and the clever effortless manner in which he sings them. There are also the inevitable spoken and laughing passages.

### Tale from History

*Benny Rubin* never succeeds in convulsing me with laughter, but his *Milt Grossian* recital of episodes from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—with each character and action given appropriate musical illustration—is silly enough to be really funny. It is like a slap-stick comedy,—one knows it's ridiculous, and laughs as much as ever. The *Laugh Song* from "Sunny Skies" on the other side is not exceptional (Brunswick 4798).

### Dangerous Nan

Dan's mate, *Dangerous Nan McGrew* is the latest character of the song world to rise to popularity. *Helen Kane*, who plays the title rôle in the film of the same name, does the best version of the song of the girl who was so tough that when mad dogs bit, she bit them back. *I Owe You*, on the other side, is a return to *Miss Kane's* now stereotyped material (Victor 22407). *Charlotte Miller* (on Columbia 15558-D) doesn't take the part as well, but she and *Bob Ferguson* have a clever imitative song on the other side—*Poker Alice*.

### Movie Organs

*Lew White* and the *Jesse Crawford*, indefatigable and unswervable, continue their respective series with typical organizations of popular tunes. *White* goes slightly Southwestern with *Under a Texas Moon* and *It Happened in Monterey* (Brunswick 4781), while *Jesse* alone plays the latter song, and with *Mrs. Crawford* *The Moonlight Reminds Me of You* (Victor 22413).

### Instrumental Trios

*Okeh* issued both discs in this classification; the *Roy Smeck* trio in *Telling It to the Daisies* and *I Never Dreamt* (41420), and *Frank Ferrara's* Hawaiian trio in *Under a Texas Moon* and *It Happened in Monterey* (41420)—all highly conventionalized performances with much bland guitar work.

### Sing You Sinners

I discover that I omitted the best vocal ensemble disc from its proper classification, but perhaps the error is a fortunate one—the merits of the record entitle it to separate mention. *Sing You Sinners* as done by the *Revelers* is not only one of the best versions of a fine song, but one of the *Revelers'* best pieces of work. The coupling is in sharp contrast: *Lewis James* singing *Looking at You* in the blandest and most sugared manner. (Victor 22422).

### The Best Songsters

Out of the long list of popular songsters I should pick the following for first mention: *Grace Hayes* (far in the lead) with just the right touches of graceful lilt, a fine tone, and an attractive manner in *On the Sunny Side of the Street* and *Exactly Like You* (Victor 22428), both of which are so good as to make most of the others who have essayed the same or similar pieces seem very inadequate indeed. A first rate popular record. *Marion Harris* is another songster to depend on, and her current recording of a catchy *Wasn't It Nice?* and *Cole Porter's* fine song, *You Do Something to Me*, is well up to her standards (Brunswick 4806). *Ruth Etting* has characteristic material for her talents in *Dancing With Tears in My Eyes* (coupled with a very sad and slow *I Never Dreamt*, on Columbia 2216-D), but the voice as well as the eyes contains a few tears. The other *Etting* release (2199-D) couples a slow, feeling-full version of *It Happened in Monterey* with a more animated *Exactly Like You*.

### Miscellaneous Warblers

*OKEH: William Dutton* is very tender and highly sweetened versions of *Sing a Little Theme Song* and *It Happened in Monterey* (41419). COLUMBIA: *Roy Evans*, of vodel fame, doing some good straight singing in blue but spirited songs. *I Lost My Gal* from *Memphis* and *Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along* (2198-D), *Oscar Grogan* in welcome contrast with his usual lugubrious style singing plaintive, but fairly animated versions of *If I Had a Girl Like You* and *I Still Remember* (2210-D);

*Charles Lawman* with intimate, husky-voiced, and yet quite effective performances of *I'm in the Market for You* and *Blue is the Night* (2209-D). BRUNSWICK: *Harry Richman* leads with swinging versions of *Without Love* and *Thank Your Father* (4799); *Eddy Thomas* tends to monotonous stresses in *The Moon is Low*, but the easy-mannered *Bench* in the *Park* is more effective (4786); *Dick Robertson* is very soft and sentimental in *Somewhere in Wyoming*, while the gay style of his singing in *They Cut Down the Old Pine Tree* contrasts oddly with the pathetic words (4785); *Freddie Rose* does well with a light-hearted *What Kinda People Are You?* and less well with a saccharine version of *Promises* (4815). VICTOR: *Gene Austin* finds typically honeyed *morceaux* in *Under a Texas Moon* and *Telling it to the Daisies* (22416); *Johnny Marvin* does a spirited *Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along* and a blander *River of Golden Dreams* (22418); *Frank Crumit* is really in a class by himself—his current coupling of *Around the Corner* and *Down by the Railroad Track*, done in his best infectious manner with the excellent accompaniments that distinguish all his releases, is well worthy of him (22423).

### Them Thar Hills

The features of the Southern series are the elaborate sketches in which a number of leading hill-billy artists participate. Brunswick gets out a four-part tale of the *Great Hatfield-McCoy Feud* (422-3) done in highly realistic fashion, with of course the customary musical interludes. From the same company comes a sketch of a *Bootlegger's Joint* in *Atlanta* (419) masquerading as a musical conservatory (the pronunciation is impossible to indicate in type) that is amusing as well as novel. Columbia's hit is *Takin' the Census* (15549-D), with *McMichen*, *Puckett*, *Tanner*, et al, in a realistic description of any Government feller's difficulties in the back hills. There is fiddling on the side. Best in the Victor lists are sad cowboy songs by *Carl Sprague* (*Wayward Daughter* and *Mormon Cowboy*—V-40246) and *Bud Billings'* version of the *Ohio Prison Fire*, done to the same tune and nearly as good effect as *Carson Robinson* last month for Columbia (V-40251—a song of the *Old Parlor Organ* is the coupling).

### Blues

None is outstanding. The more interesting are a *Darktown Gambler's* sketch by *Robert and Charles Hicks* on Columbia 14531-D; *Bessie Smith's* very mournful *Blue Spirit* and *Worn Out Papa Blues* (Columbia 14527 with *Prof. Jimmy Johnson* very much at the piano); *Little Hat Jones'* *Rolled from Side to Side* and *Little Hat Blues* (*Okeh* 8794); singing and pianing by *Speckled Red* (Brunswick 7151—*Dirty Dozen* and *Right String* but the *Wrong Yo-Yo*); *Frank Stokes* in *Right Now* and *Shiney Town Blues* (Victor V-38598). There are of course many other race and hill-billy discs from all the companies.

## DANCE

### Teutonic Style

The continental orchestras can occasionally best even the best American jazz bands in the smoother variants on modern dance music. *Marek Weber* provides apt examples on Victor V-6069, with a slow tango—*Wenn du einmal dein Herz verschenkst*—and a most attractive, easy-going fox trot—*Der Duft, der eine schöne Frau begleitet*. In both the vocal choruses are sung in a way that should shame a good many of the American and British choristers out of recording, and in the fox trot particularly the orchestral playing is very neatly turned and well colored. And incidentally it is highly danceable.

### British Visitors

*Jack Hylton* and his orchestra of "Lift Up Your Finger" fame are back again this month with a rousing hail-fellow-well-met tune. Give Yourself a Pat on the Back, a highly spirited opus done in hearty fashion by one of the finest dance orchestras (Victor 22434). The coupling is a more mellow affair, *When the Organ Played at Twilight*, a rather seductive slow waltz with considerable solo work on the organ of *Madame Tussaud's* cinema palace. For those who like their dance music dreamy. (Give Yourself A Pat on the Back is also done in brisk fashion by *Johnny Walker's* band for Columbia, together with the *Mug Song* on 2201-D).

## Stein Song Chasers

The amazing popularity of the Stein Song has brought out a flood of follow-up pieces, principally a mild burlesque, the Mug Song, and a splendid revival, Anchors Aweigh, the Annapolis Naval Academy song. The *High Hatters* do both on Victor 22424 and do them extremely well. The chorus of the Mug Song is sung more amusingly in Johnny Walker's Columbia Version, but the playing itself, while good, is not quite as effective. *Paul Tremaine* does a very martial performance of Anchors Aweigh (Columbia 2200-D, with Rockin' Chair, to be mentioned later).

## Records of the Month

The Victor Record of the Month Club nominates *Leo Reisman's* Rollin' Down the River and *Mia Cara* (22433) for the place of honor this month. Reisman well deserves the award, for there is scarcely a disc he turns out that is not well up among the best in recorded dance music. *Mia Cara* is not in his most characteristic vein, but Rollin' Down the River is done with fine aplomb.

My own nominations for other (hypothetical) record of the month prizes are: *Frankie Trumbauer's* good-humored, irresistibly rhythmized performance of Happy Feet, coupled with an easily loping I like to Do Things for You (note the fine freedom to the melodic line) on Okeh 41421; *Ben Selvin's* bold, big toned Cheer Up—an inspirational piece that actually does make for exuberance—coupled with a quieter I Remember You from Somewhere, with *Ruth Etting* for Chorister, on Columbia 2207-D; and *Andy Kirk's* piquant, sprightly versions of Loose Ankles and I Lost My Gal from Memphis (Brunswick 4803), hot but exceedingly sparkling and with highly effective choruses.

## Hot

A special gold medal goes to the Victor Race list of June 20th, containing some six dance discs, all of them wows. *Duke Ellington* leads off with a fine performance of his Double Check Stomp with great double bass work, and a highly characteristic Jazz Lips (V-38129). His I Was Made to Love You and My Gal is Good for Nothing But Love (V-38130) is also good, boasting a fine surging tunes, but the treatment is more conventionalized and I miss the inimitable singing that helped to rank such early Ellington works as Blues I Love to Sing and Creole Love Call among the greatest hot performances of all time. Close on the Duke's heels is *Fess Williams* with hotly spirited versions of 'Leven-Thirty Saturday Night and I'm Feelin' Devilish (V-38131—note the grand clarinetting). *King Oliver* does well with a catchy Mule Face Blues and a Boogie Woogie, featuring some prodigious tuba playing (V-38134); *McKinney's Cotton Pickers* do more mildly well with I'd Love It and Peggy (V-38133); and *Bennie Moton* plays smoothly attractive blue versions of Just Say It to Me and When Life Seems So Blue (V-38132).

The leading hot discs from the other companies include *Andy Kirk's* Brunswick coupling mentioned above, plus a graceful Blue Clarinet Stomp and vivid Mess-a-Stomp on 4694—fine zestful playing; and the usual strong Okeh list. *Louis Armstrong* is not up to his best work this month as his Exactly Like You and Indian Cradle Song provide less original and striking material than some of his earlier releases, but as always his own choruses are not to be beaten: the Cradle Song is a welcome revival and it is interesting to get a new angle on the usually sugared Exactly Like You (41423). *Clarence Williams' Novelty Band* provide a clever mixture of patter and music (the restrained yet hot orchestral accompaniments are exceedingly deft) in You're Bound to Look Like a Monkey When You Get Old and He Wouldn't Stop Doing It—titles which speak for themselves (8798). The *Chicago Footwarmers* are shriller than usual in Sweep 'Em Clean and My Girl (8792), but there is ample liveliness and some notable washboarding. More effective is the white hot jazz of *Tom Dorsey* and his orchestra in Daddy Change Your Mind and You Can't Cheat a Cheater, done in free style with some great trumpeting and a good command of pace changes (41422).

## Southern Style

*Paul Tremaine's* Rockin' Chair was given passing mention above (Columbia 2200-D). Here it can be described in more detail as one of the most unusual variants on the hill-billy-spiritual type of song, played here to fine effect, with first honors going to the chorister who has an original style of delivery and who makes the most of the curious words and

melodic turns. More straightforwardly old-fashioned are *Sugar Hall's* Georgia Home and Maw and Paw and Me (Okeh 45450), with not much deviation from steady pumping away in the best backwoods accordion manner.

## Highly Danceable

The leading discs among the straight dance performances include: Be Careful with Those Eyes, played in charming fashion by *Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians*—a very neat study in rhythmic animation. The coupling, Singing a Song to the Stars, is in the good, but more familiar lyrical manner of this deservedly popular orchestra (Columbia 2205-D). *Isham Jones* returns from a too long recording vacation with a smoothly modulated brace of seductive dances—What's the Use? and Song Without a Name (Brunswick 4810). *Carl Fenton* does vigorous performances of hits from Song of the Flame (Brunswick 4818). *Arden and Ohman* do very very well with Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along, coupled with Shilkret's broadly songful, yet interestingly rhythmized Kiss Me With Your Eyes (Victor 22417). *Leo Reisman* couples a lively, good-humored version of Washing Dishes with My Sweetie with a broadly melodic I Remember You from Somewhere (Victor 22426), and *Shilkret* gets a gay exotic flavor into his performances of Dark Night and Into My Heart (Victor 22420).

For Brunswick *Jack Denny* puts in a fine month's work with a whole series of dances: Girl Trouble and a slow but sharply rhythmized Leave It That Way (4789); a lyrical if somewhat methodical Dream Avenue (4788)—coupled with *Bob Haring's* full-voiced version of I Still Remember; and a sonorous, nicely swinging Whippoorwill (4794)—coupled with the *Regent Club's* less colorful waltz, Because There's a Change in You).

## Marche Miniature Style

The *Anglo-Persians* under *Katzman's* direction cultivate the novelty styles with Toy Town Admiral on 4792, coupled with a neat Nola variant, Dancing Butterfly, and again in Alice in Wonderland, distinguished by the chorister's competent handling of the tricky words (4787). The coupling is (incongruously) Red Hot Chicago done with spirit but not great distinction by Al Goodman.

## Various

BRUNSWICK: *Red Nichols* and his *Pennies* are good but not exceptionally so in a lively Nobody Knows and a slower, hotter Smiles (4790). The *Castlewood-Marimba Band* purveys bland performances of My Reveries, Night of Love in Hawaii, Melancholy Moon, etc., on 4791, 4820, and 4821. *Roger Wolfe Kahn* becomes intensely lyrical in Dark Night and Into My Heart (4811). *Tom Cline* does neat, catchy versions of Be Careful With Those Eyes and Wasn't It Nice? (4813). *Lloyd Humbley* provides suave, rather colorless performances of Take Me and Just Another Night, Promises and Blue and Moonless Night (4797 and 4784).

COLUMBIA: *Ben Selvin* rounds out a busy month with an expressive Dancing With Tears in My Eyes (chorus by *Ruth Etting*) and When It's Springtime in the Rockies (2206-D). Kiss Me With Your Eyes and You Darlin' (2197-D). *Fred Rich* does well with romantic yet well animated versions of Dream Avenue and For You (2195-D). The *Columbia Photo-Players* do a bright performance of Dust and a less individual one of Dark Night (2196-D). *Ray West* gets some good melodic turns into his coupling of When the Sun Goes Down and Love is Like That (2190-D). *Will Osborne* offers very songful and dreamy versions of Song Without a Name and Down the River of Golden Dreams (22120-D). The *California Ramblers* play I'm Needin' You and Washin' the Blues from My Soul without great individuality or color (2208-D); and *Anson Weeks* is heard in competent enough versions of Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along and If I Had a Girl Like You (2211-D).

VICTOR: *Shilkret's* Ragamuffin Romeo is matched with *Reisman's* expansive Singing a Song to the Stars (22432). *Rudy Vallée* waxes mildly humorous in Kitty from Kansas City (22419), but returns to his customary sugared crooning in the coupling, and in Reminiscing, Song Without a Name, etc., on 22412 and 22435. *Ted Weems* does a vivacious Collegiate Love, coupled with *Shilkret's* To My Mammy (22406). The *High Hatters'* strongly stressed You Brought a New Kind of Love contrasts with the briskness of *Cummins' Livin' in the Sunlight* (22409); and *Shilkret's* lachrymose version of Dancing With Tears in My Eyes finds an equally songful double in *Cummins' Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder* (22425).

RUFUS.

## FOREIGN

**INTERNATIONAL.** *Marek Weber's* record of Popy's Suite Orientale (Victor) is reviewed in the "Light Orchestral group, and the *Koshetz* release under "Songs. The other Victor issues are all in the novelty class. *Giulietta Morina* and her orchestra play exceedingly bland waltzes on V-44; one is dedicated to Raquel Torres, the film star, but the luscious, languishing piece falls far short of suggesting her exotic personality. On V-42 the *Hernandez Brothers*, mustering guitar, bandola, musical saw, and bells, play Gounod's Sing Smile Slumber and Nevin's Mighty Lak' a Rose. On V-43 *Bob MacGimsey*, harmony whistler weaves arabesques on Herbert's Gypsy Love Song and Carry Me Back to Old Virginny. The two Columbia releases are orchestral: the *International dance orchestra* in a smooth waltz, Pair after Pair, coupled with a rather attractive Grandfather's polka featuring a clarinet solo (12130-F); and *Dajos-Bela's* orchestra providing rather featureless accompaniments to two xylophone solos—Parade of the Marionettes and Rendez-Vous of the Fire-Bugs (G-12131-F).

Among the following records those marked with an asterisk (\*) are of more than strictly national interest.

**BOHEMIAN.** There are popular songs by *Martinek* on Columbia 159-F, and by *Fassel* and *Hruska* on G-160-F. Attention should also be called to the Bohemian H. M. V.'s issue of the complete *Ma Vlast* cycle of tone-poems by *Bedrich Smetana*, given detailed mention in the article by Dr. J. E. S. Vojan elsewhere in this issue.

**FINNISH.** Most interesting are the songs by *Ture Ara* on Victor V-4077 and the dances by *Willie Larsen's* trio on Columbia 3151-F. *Ara* sings a Finnish version of Ray's suave Good-Night, and on the other side of the disc, two attractive Finnish songs to flute and piano accompaniment.

**FRENCH-CANADIAN.** Best of the three Victor releases is V-5088\*, whereon *Henri Marcoux*, baritone, sings Tosti's *Ninon* and *Bonincontro's* *Tes Yeux*, both in simple lyrical fashion and a splendidly masculine voice and manner that reminds one slightly of *Richard Tauber*. *Marcoux* is an artist not to be overlooked. His list of recordings grows in interest and merit with every new release.

**GERMAN.** Victor is alone this month in this usually widely cultivated field. The Schubert songs by *Hans Duhan* are reviewed elsewhere, as are the smooth fox trot-tango coupling by *Marek Weber's* orchestra (V-6069\*), and the *Max Schmeling* record (V-6071). For novelty a Berlin hand-organ is recorded in typical pieces, *Hipp Hipp Hurra* march and a *Rattenfängerlied* waltz (V-6068).

**GREEK.** The outstanding disc, and one of the most notable Greek recordings of the year, is Victor 9648, a twelve-inch *Red Seal*, whereon *Premier Venizelos* addresses the people in Greece and the Greeks in America—speeches that naturally will be of the greatest interest to everyone of Greek extraction, and a valuable addition to the library of recordings by great statesmen and rulers. Both speeches are in the Greek language. There are also the usual popular lists from both Columbia and Victor, led by Columbia 56194-F with the "Great Chorus" and *Ioannidis* orchestra in a two-part *Serenata*.

**IRISH.** The strong Columbia list is headed by 33414-F; \* one side of which contains a speech on the Unknown Soldier, and the other a song, *Jesus, Jesus, Come to Me*, both by the *Rev. James R. Cox*, Pastor of the Old St. Patrick's Church in Pittsburgh. The vocalists are *Mattie Haskins*, *Michael Ahern*, and *Jim Mullan*; the instrumentalists, *Innisfail Irish Orchestra*, *Frank Quinn*, and the *Four Provinces Orchestra*.

**ITALIAN.** Brunswick and Victor are alone in the field, the former featuring *Rosina Gioiosa*, *Gilda Mignonette*, *Arturo Ferrar*, and the *Marranzini* orchestra; the latter, *Daniele Serra*, the *Margadonna Trio* and *Pietro*, the great accordionist. All of these are heard in popular pieces. Much more interesting are the duets from Act II of *Léhar's* *Danza delle Libellule* (Dance of the Dragon-Fly), sung with considerable spirit and grace by *Poggianti* and *Lomi* (Victor V-12130\*).

**POLISH.** Vocalion features dance music and comic sketches. Victor lists popular songs, led by a Polish version of the ubiquitous *Stein Song* by *Wladyslaw Podoszek* (V-16125). Columbia stresses comic sketches, violin solos, and popular dances.

**PORTO-RICAN.** *Los Jardineros* sing for Okeh, and there are several popular song discs from Brunswick.

**SCANDINAVIAN.** Columbia 22117-F, couples a waltz and fox trot by the *Skalka-Gellin-Borgstrom* trio: G-26112-F contains popular songs of *Sven-Olaf Sandberg*.

**SLOVAK.** Victor lists dance music on V-22049 and V-22051, while *John Vrabel* sings popular songs on Columbia 24146-F, and the *Lapcak* orchestra plays csardases on 24145-F.

**SPANISH-MEXICAN.** Brunswick, Columbia, Okeh, and Victor all issue long lists. Some of the best are: a two-part *El Carbonero* by the *Matamoras* vocal trio (Okeh 16693); the *Stein Song* as sung by *Juan Pulido* and played by the *Marimba Centro-America* (Victor 46877 and 46879); an irresistible *Siren Waltz* played in *Edith Lorand's* best manner (Columbia G-4064-X\*—the coupling is a zither and piano duet—*Celosa*—by unnamed artists); popular Spanish songs by *Jose Moriche* (Brunswick 41005 etc.); a very seductive tango-song—*Son Tus Ojos Negros*—by *Juan Pulido* (Victor 46775\*); and instrumental tangos by *Los Romanticos* (Brunswick 40993).

**TURKISH.** Columbia lists popular songs by *Hanoum*, *Arab Hussni Effendi*, and *Derviche Abdullah Effendi*. S. F.

## Two Phonograph Magazines from Latin America

There comes to us, from Argentina, the first number of a new phonograph magazine, *Fonos*, which is the organ of the Argentine Fono Club, an organization similar to our Phonograph Societies. This magazine is published monthly at *Viamonte 550—3er Piso*, Buenos Aires. Annual subscription, outside of Argentina, \$4.00. (The Argentine dollar at present equals about 38 cents in U. S. Money.) Editorial Committee: *Manuel Beltroy*, *Leopoldo Hurtado*, *Manuel Ortiz de Guinera*. Manager: *José A. Carvalho*. Besides criticisms of the more important records (these are practically the same as released or imported in the United States), and reviews of those of lighter character, consisting of popular songs, tangos, etc., there are articles on "The Phonograph, the Radiotelephone and Instruction," "The Recording of Sound on the Disc by Means of the Electrical Process" (this is a translation of an article which appeared in *THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW*); "Great Orchestral Directors Who Record on Odeon Discs," "A New Electric Induction Motor," "Review of Principal Discs Issued During 1929," "Two Discs by Paul Whiteman," etc. The Spanish language is of course used. The magazine is typographically attractive, with a two-color cover design in the modernistic manner. May it have a long and successful career!

*PHONO-ARTE* is a semi-monthly, printed in Portuguese, at *Avenida Rio Branco 112 (4 andar)*, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Managing Editors: *J. Cruz Cordeiro Filho* and *Sergio Alencar Vasconcellos*. Yearly subscriptions 36\$000 (about \$4.25, U. S. money). In general contents this magazine is similar to "Fonos," with articles pertaining to phonographic matter, and reviews of records. One department, "What We Hear on Our Popular Disks," gives the words of various popular songs. Below the lyric is given the make and number of the record, and the name of the publisher of the printed music. Another department lists the recordings from the music of the talking films, which, in this number, are all American productions. It is interesting to note that many of the record reviews are under the head of the singers and instrumentalists who make the recordings. That Brazil supports, with other phonograph magazines, one of this character is indicative of the great interest in things phonographic that must exist in that country. To "Phono-Arte" we also extend our best wishes. W. S. M.

The picture on the front cover of this issue is of *Efrem Zimbalist*, exclusive Columbia artist, whose recording of *Brahms' D minor violin sonata* is reviewed on page 348 of this issue.

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Photograph on the front cover: EFREM ZIMBALIST, exclusive COLUMBIA artist.

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**Note:** Owing to space exigencies in this issue it has been necessary to postpone the conclusion of R. H. S. Phillips' Study of the Bach M minor Mass and Beethoven Missa Solemnis recordings until next month.

## Mart and Exchange

**RATES:** Advertisements will be accepted for this column at the rate of five cents a word with a minimum charge of one dollar. The advertiser's name and address will be charged for, single letters and single figures will be counted as words; compound words as two words. All Advertisements must be prepared and be addressed to the Advertising Department, THE PHONOGRAPH MONTHLY REVIEW, 5 Boylston Street, Cambridge, Mass. Should the advertiser desire his announcement to be addressed to a box number in care of the magazine, ten cents extra for the forwarding of replies must be included.

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